

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury

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Established June, 1759, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto, with forty-eight columns filled with interesting, educational, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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## Local Matters

PRESIDENT HARDING TO HONOR NEWPORT WITH A VISIT

President Harding has announced his intention to come to Newport some time next month, date not yet fixed, and he will be guest of ex-Governor R. Livingston Beeckman while here. He will remain here two or three days. While here the entire town should turn out to do him honor. He will come in the yacht *Mayflower*, and Mrs. Harding will accompany him. This will be the first visit of a President to Newport in several years, while in office. The visits of President Hayes and all his Cabinet during Gov. Van Zandt's time, and that of President Arthur later, and the big entertainments given in their honor are well remembered by many of our older citizens. We trust the present generation will not be behind in doing the right thing when President Harding arrives.

President Arthur, during the early part of his administration, was entertained by ex-Governor Morgan of New York, at his elegant residence on Narragansett avenue. The entertainment took place on the lawn. The extensive grounds were thrown open to the public and all Newport was present; a bountiful collation was served, and everybody shook hands with the President. Governor Morgan was New York's famous war governor, and President Arthur was his Chief of Staff.

Mr. William Ayraut Hazard, well known in Newport through his activities in building up the polo game in this country, and a frequent visitor in the summer colony here, died at his home at Cedarhurst, Long Island, on Wednesday after a considerable illness. He was in his sixty-ninth year. He was the head of the important firm of William A. Hazard & Co., of New York, and was well known in the business world. He had frequently occupied a villa at Narragansett Pier and paid occasional visits to Newport. He was for number of years secretary and treasurer of the Polo Association, and for the past year had been the honorary president.

There was a bad automobile accident near the Two Mile Corner Monday forenoon, as the result of which four passengers of a Ford Sedan were rushed to the Hospital for treatment. Mrs. McCready of New Jersey, who is staying at the Delangle Cottage, was driving the Ford, being accompanied by her two children and Miss Gladys Delangle. For some reason the car crashed into a pole and all were badly shaken up, but at the Hospital it was found that none were seriously injured.

The annual Field Day and Outing of the New England Grotto Association will be held in Worcester September 15 and 16. Kolak Grotto of this city is preparing to send a large delegation, with the uniformed band, drum corps and patrol, and expects to carry off even more honors than they won in Hartford last year. It is expected that about 200 members of the local organization will go to Worcester.

Action has been instituted in the Superior Court against Perry Shatzler of Jamestown, asking \$20,000 for the death of Jane E. Marr of Providence. It is claimed that the woman died as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident on the Pier road in August, 1920.

Mrs. Tillotson C. Libby and her two sons are spending several weeks in Waterville, Me.

## BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a request was received from the Chamber of Commerce asking that Washington Square might be closed to public traffic on the night of Wednesday, August 16, when it is proposed to have the block party there for the benefit of the men of the fleet. The request was referred to a committee consisting of Aldermen Hughes and Harley for consideration, after Mayor Mahoney had stated that he had received a personal request along these lines from Secretary Campbell.

There was considerable discussion about poles in several sections of the city, the Electric Company requesting permission to erect poles on Anthony street and Tyler street to give service for some new installations. The line was blocked by objectors, and the matter was laid over for a week for further investigation.

The matter of devastation in the public parks came up again on a communication from the Chamber of Commerce stating that the matter had been brought to their attention by the Newport Horticultural Society, and asking that more police protection be given. The communication was referred to the Chief of Police after it had been stated that special efforts were being made by the police now to watch the parks, and that to give additional protection would require additional patrolmen.

No complaint of the police department the hackney license of a man who was charged with driving while intoxicated, was suspended pending an investigation. Sycamore street was declared a public highway after more than twenty years' use by the public. A large amount of routine business was transacted.

## REDWOOD LIBRARY ELECTION

The annual meeting of the corporation of the Redwood Library and Athenaeum was held in the Library Wednesday, Rev. Roderick Terry, D. D., President, in the chair. The various reports showed the past year to have been a successful one, and the shareholders were greatly pleased.

The election of officers resulted in the choice of the retiring board, the vacancy on the board of directors caused by the death of Mr. Hamilton B. Tompkins being filled by the election of Mr. Frank K. Sturgis.

The officers elected are as follows: President—Dr. Roderick Terry. Vice President—Gen. J. Fred Piereson.

Secretary—Alfred G. Langley. Treasurer—Edward A. Sherman. Librarian—George L. Hinckley.

Directors—Justice Darius Baker, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mr. W. P. Buffum, Mr. George F. Cozzens, Miss Lucile R. Edgar, Mrs. C. C. Gardner, Mr. Laurence L. Gillespie, Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs, Mr. Alfred G. Langley, Mr. W. P. Sheffield, Jr., Mr. Edward A. Sherman, Dr. W. S. Sherman, Miss Agnes C. Storer, Mr. Frank K. Sturgis, Mr. Hamilton Fish Webster and Col. Joseph H. Willard.

## GOVERNOR BEECKMAN SPEAKS

There was a large assembly of members of the Newport County Women's Republican Club at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society Thursday afternoon, when an interesting address was delivered by former Governor R. Livingston Beeckman, who will undoubtedly be the Republican nominee for United States Senator next fall. Governor Beeckman gave a very interesting talk on the work of the Republican Congress, showing the material reductions in government expenses that had been made in spite of the tremendous burden that had been left by the outgoing Democratic administration.

Governor Beeckman stated that he was in the fight for the Senatorship to win and that he hoped to be elected. He told the members of the Club what they could do to help the Republican party and the interests of the city, state and nation.

A man who entered the garage of Mr. William Leys on Malone Road shortly after midnight Thursday morning was frightened away by the owner and made his escape into a neighboring yard. Mr. Leys heard suspicious sounds in the garage and started out with his dog and a revolver. The intruder heard the dog and made a dash for the fence, getting away through the grounds of the Gibson greenhouses next door, his tracks being plainly seen in the morning. There was nothing to indicate the identity of the intruder.

Mrs. Tillotson C. Libby and her two sons are spending several weeks in Waterville, Me.

## EDMUND K. STEVENS

Mr. Edmund Knights Stevens, for many years a teacher in the Rogers High School, died at the Newport Hospital on Saturday last, after a considerable period of ill health. He retired from his active school work in June, 1921, and had travelled extensively since then in an effort to regain his health. Since his return to Newport his condition had become serious, and he was removed to the Newport Hospital a few days before his death. He was sixty-two years of age.

Mr. Stevens was a descendant of an old Newport family, being a son of the late Henry C. Stevens, who was cashier of the Newport National Bank for more than fifty years. He was graduated from the Rogers High School in 1878, and from Harvard University in 1882. He continued his studies and later received the degree of A. M. from Harvard. He specialized in chemistry and was for a time engaged in this profession in Boston and vicinity, carrying on classes at the same time. In 1901 he returned to Newport as an instructor in the Rogers High School, and served as sub-master of the School from 1910 until his resignation in 1921.

He is survived by two brothers, Colonel Henry C. Stevens, Jr., cashier of the Newport National Bank, and Mr. William Stevens, the assistant cashier.

## BUILDING UP STATION

The visit of Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, to Newport last week was very encouraging to Newporters. He made a careful inspection of the naval stations here, and expressed himself as much pleased at what he saw. He said that the Training Station would be developed to the full capacity of its permanent buildings on Coasters Harbor Island, and also said there would be no change in the Torpedo Station for the present year at least.

The time may yet come when the Coddington Point extension may come into use, as Mr. Roosevelt expressed great regret that there is not at present an appropriation available for its use. As Newport is to be one of three training stations, the time may come when it will be necessary to use the wooden buildings on the Coddington Point extension.

In the meantime recruits are coming in to the Training Station daily and it will not be long before there is quite a respectable number there. As the number of boys increases it will be necessary to increase the number of officers and men who constitute the ship's company, as this has been reduced to the very minimum since the training of recruits here was suspended. It is also necessary to bring back to Newport many of the supplies and equipment that were removed some months ago.

Although considerable work is being done in the way of filling and draining marshy places by a volunteer committee in this city, their work has been badly handicapped because of the excessively wet weather. While in normal times there would be a comparatively few breeding places for mosquitoes about Newport, the heavy rains have established wet spots all over the city and more annoyance has been suffered from these insects than is ordinarily experienced. Newport is far from being a mosquito-ridden community, and in normal times the efforts of this committee would probably have been successful in exterminating the few that infest some of the lower districts.

County Agent James E. Knott, Jr., has been summoned to Boston on account of the death of his father, James Edward Knott, which occurred at his home in Jamaica Plain on Thursday. Mr. Knott was formerly proprietor of the Knott and Pope Shoe Company in Malden and more recently had been associated in business enterprises in Maine. He is survived by a widow, five sons and two brothers.

Because of the fact that the local semi-professional base ball team, known as the Trojans, has slumped considerably from the good showing made in previous years, there has been a radical shake-up and several new faces will be seen in the next game.

Camp Thomas, United Spanish War Veterans, has had a model prepared for a handsome memorial to the war heroes of Newport. The model was made by Tilden-Thurber Co. of Providence, and an effort will soon be made to raise funds for its erection.

Frederick Armbrust of Jamestown has been granted a license to operate a jitney between the Ferry Landing and Conanicut Park.

## ANOTHER ICE HOUSE BURNED

Ice house property around Newport seems to be the especial mark of the fire demon. Within a short time a large amount of this kind of property has been destroyed by fire, including property in Middletown. On Friday night of last week the big house of the Newport Ice Company at Easton's Pond was practically entirely destroyed by fire of unknown origin. The buildings made a brilliant blaze and attracted thousands of spectators to vantage points. The owners of the property were obliged to hustle the next day to save such of the ice as was possible before it melted as a large quantity was stored in the building.

The burned building was the large structure located north of the pumping station. Although there had been men in the building during the day, engaged in removing ice for delivery, they said that everything had been in good condition when the building was closed for the night and could attribute no cause for the flames.

The fire was discovered by persons in the vicinity and a message was sent to the Newport Fire Department. Under the impression that the fire was in Middletown, only a still alarm was sounded, but later steamers were sent to the fire as well as the chemical engines. There was practically nothing that could be done, however, as the big building was doomed and there was no other property in danger.

## ATTEMPTED BREAK

Two young boys, one from Cambridge and the other from Somerville, made an attempt to break into the home of William Goodman on Bliss Road early Monday morning. They removed their shoes and stockings on the lawn, preparatory to making the attempt, and were then seen about the house. They were frightened away before they had a chance to recover their apparel and a telephone message to the police station resulted in their round-up a short time later, being easily identified. The boys were later turned over to the authorities from their home towns who took them out of the city.

## MRS. LYON'S RECITAL

Mrs. Damon Lyon, formerly of this city, will give her annual musical and dramatic recital at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, July 26th. She will be assisted by Miss Eileen Hamilton, contralto, and Miss Mildred Stevens, pianist. An excellent and well balanced programme has been arranged.

Mrs. Lyon was formerly Miss Louisa Francis, and has devoted her life to dramatic work. Of late she has been doing considerable picture work with marked success, being associated with Miss Mary Astor in a picture that has just been released by one of the leading producers.

## WILLIAM A. ARMSTRONG

Mr. William A. Armstrong, an old resident of Newport, died at his home in Middletown on Monday evening, in his eighty-eighth year. He was a son of the late George A. Armstrong and had spent practically his entire life here, removing to his Middletown residence only a few years ago. He was well known to the older generation of Newporters. He was a frequent visitor to the Island Savings Bank, where he served as a member of the board of trustees for a number of years.

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Robert M. Franklin.

Mr. James B. Cottrell, Jr., a son of the late Alderman James B. Cottrell, died very suddenly on Monday morning. He was foreman of the Cottrell stone works and was at work in St. Mary's cemetery on Warner street, when he suffered a sudden attack and died at once. He is survived by a widow, five sons and two brothers.

Palestine Temple, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, held its annual mid-summer outing at Rocky Point on Wednesday. The sail down the Bay was preceded by a parade in Providence, a number of the Newport members of the Order participating in the day's festivities.

The members of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, paid a visit to Jamestown on Wednesday, where they were guests of Captain and Mrs. George E. Wickes, on their annual outing.

Heavy gun practice at the Forts during the early part of the week shook the buildings of the city. On Friday the Navy announced dangerous underwater explosions off Gould Island.

## CONGRESSIONAL VISITORS HERE

Congressman Burdick has had a number of Congressmen as his guests in Newport this week, and has taken the opportunity to familiarize them with conditions in the navy here. The visitors were taken to the Training Station where they were shown the complete process of fitting a raw youth to become a trained seaman, and were greatly impressed with the thoroughness of the system. They were shown through the fine permanent buildings on Coasters Harbor Island, and were also taken for a view of the wooden buildings on Coddington Point.

Thanks to the efforts of the Rhode Island delegation in Congress and the Newport Chamber of Commerce, the naval committee and the other members of the two houses are coming to realize what a narrow escape was had from scrapping one of the most valuable naval plants in the United States. Sentiment in Washington has been radically changed during the past year, and it appears that Newport now has many friends. However, this result was not obtained without constant labor, especially effective work being done by Congressman Burdick, Senator Gerry and the Naval committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

Another prolonged drought of 48 hours was broken by the rain of Thursday evening. We shall probably be able to get through the summer without extending the Water Works system.

## MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham Mrs. Ardella Peckham, widow of Mr. Elisha Clarke Peckham, died at her home, "Seven Pines," on Saturday. Mrs. Peckham had been ill only a few days, having sustained a shock. She celebrated her ninety-second birthday on May 3rd, and was the oldest woman in Middletown. With the exception of the 13 years in which she resided in Westport, she had spent her life in this town. She was married to Elisha Clarke Peckham when she was 18 years of age, on May 23, 1848. Twelve children were born to them. She is survived by her children, 32 grandchildren, 49 great-grandchildren, and 5 great-great-grandchildren.

She was an active worker in the Methodist Episcopal Church and was very much interested in Grange work.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon and was attended by about 400 people, a large number of Grange members being present. The floral tributes were very numerous and beautiful.

The annual summer sale and supper was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday afternoon and evening. Supper was served from 6 to 8 and was in charge of Mrs. Clifton B. Ward, Mrs. John H. Peckham, Mrs. John Nicholson, Mrs. Harold Peckham, and Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham. The menu consisted of chicken salad, rolls, cake and coffee. The ladies had tables at which were sold aprons, cake, candy, ice cream and fancy work. During the evening an entertainment was given under the direction of Mrs. Fred P. Webber, which included both instrumental and vocal selections.

A committee meeting was held on Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Sherman to plan for the lawn fete for the benefit of St. Mary's Church, which will be held on the Rectory grounds in the early part of August.

Mr. and Mrs. David Pillsbury and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Pillsbury and their families, of Worcester, are at their camp at Third Beach.

Mrs. Eva Birchall and her daughter, Miss Hazel Birchall, of Hayes Center, Nebraska, are guests of Mrs. Birchall's sister, Mrs. John T. Peckham.

The Men's Club of Holy Cross parish held a whist in the parish house on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Charles P. Harrington, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Dennis J. Murphy, has returned to her home in Charlestown, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart entertained a house party recently, including Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Hart and their daughter of South Weymouth, Mr. Nathaniel Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Orin Baker of Providence, Mr. and Mrs. George Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Baker of Conimicut, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Baker of Greenwood.

While carting a large load of hay from his home on Oliphant Lane to Newport, Mr. Manuel Perry met with a painful accident. When at the Two Mile Corner he was walking beside the team with the reins wrapped around his hands, and a trolley car frightened the horses, causing them to bolt. Mr. Perry tried to stop the horses, causing the reins to pull tightly on his hands, and two of his fingers were broken, after which the horses got away. They were stopped at the One Mile Corner by a wheel becoming wedged in the tracks at the switch and the wagon overturned and spread the hay on Broadway.

Mr. Frank Branford lost a valuable horse recently and a large water tank which was in the upper part of the barn came crashing down through the floor above and struck on the horse's back, killing it instantly. The supports to the tank had become weakened and finally broke.

Mrs. Joseph D. Chase, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital, has returned to her home on Chase's Lane.

Mrs. George W. Brawley, who was seriously ill last spring and who had apparently regained her health, is again suffering from her old ailment.

Mr. William A. Armstrong, who died on Monday, was in his eightieth year. The funeral was held on Thursday at his summer home on Wyatt Road.

Mrs. George H. Draper entertained the G. T. Club

# Erskine Dale Pioneer

by  
John Fox, Jr.

Illustrated by R.H. Livingstone

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## SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—To the Kentucky wilderness outposts commanded by Jerome Sanders, in the time immediately preceding the Revolution, comes a white boy fleeing from a tribe of Shawnees who had been his family captives and adopted a son of their chief, Kahtoo. He is given shelter and attracts the favorable attention of Dave Yandell, a tender among the settlers.

**CHAPTER II.**—The boy warns his new friends of the coming of a Shawnee war party. The fort is attacked, and only saved by the timely appearance of a party of Virginians. The leader of these is fatally wounded, but in his dying moments recognizes the fugitive youth as his son.

**CHAPTER III.**—At Red Oaks, plantation on the James River, Virginia, Colonel Dale's home, the boy appears, with a message for the colonel, and after making him acquainted with the boy, introduces the bearer to his daughter, Barbara, as her cousin, Erskine Dale.

**CHAPTER IV.**—Erskine meets two other cousins, Harry Dale and Hugh Willoughby.

**CHAPTER V.**—Dueling rappers on a wall at Red Oaks attract Erskine's attention, so he takes his fencing lesson, from Hugh, Dave, Yandell, at Williamsburg on business, visits Red Oaks.

**CHAPTER VI.**—At the county fair at Williamsburg Erskine meets youth, Dane Grey, and there at once arises a mutual antagonism between them. Grey, in liquor, insults Erskine, and the latter, for the affront, an Indian, draws his knife. Yandell discerns the苗头 of his conduct in the affair with Grey. Erskine leaves Red Oaks that night, to return to the wilderness. Yandell, with Harry and Hugh, who have been permitted to visit the Sanders fort, overtakes him. At the plantation the boy had left a note in which he gave the property, which is his as the son of Colonel Dale's older brother, to Barbara.

**CHAPTER VII.**—The party is met by three Shawnees, who bring news to Erskine (whose Indian name is White Arrow) that his foster father, Kahtoo, is dying and desires him to come to the tribe and become its chief. After a brief visit to the fort Erskine goes to the tribe. He finds there a white woman and her half-breed daughter, Early Morn, and saves the former from death. He tells Kahtoo his sympathies with the Americans against the British. An enemy, Crooked Lightning, overhears him.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Kahtoo sends Erskine to a council where Dane, his envoy, met Indian chiefs. Dane Grey is there, and the bitter feeling is intensified. Crooked Lightning denounces Erskine as a traitor and friend of the Americans. The youth escapes death by flight.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Reaching his tribe, Erskine and his enemies have the upper hand. He is held as a prisoner, waiting for the arrival of Crooked Lightning, to be burned at the stake. Early Morn releases him and he reaches Jerome Sanders' fort safely.

**CHAPTER X.**—The Revolution spreads. George Rogers Clark visits the fort. Erskine resolves to join Clark's expedition to the Northwest. At Red Oaks he finds Dane Grey apparently on more than friendly terms with Barbara.

**CHAPTER XI.**—Erskine and Grey engage in a duel with rapiers, though the former knows nothing of fencing. The fight is stopped by Colonel Dale.

**CHAPTER XII.**—Barbara and Erskine arrive at a sort of mutual understanding, though the boy has little hope of winning her love.

**CHAPTER XIII.**—Erskine accompanies the Clark expedition to Kaskaskia, which is captured. The French in an attempt to overthrow Clark, but largely through Erskine's plot, fail. The boy accompanies his foster father, Kahtoo, back to the tribe. Early Morn avows her love for him.

## CHAPTER XIV

Erskine had given Black Wolf his life, and the young brave had accepted the debt and fretted under it sorely. And when Erskine had begun to show some heed to Early Morn a fierce jealousy seized the savage, and his old hatred was reborn a thousandfold more strong—and that, too, Erskine now knew. Meantime low and a hunting party went abroad. Game was scarce and, only after the second day was there a kill. Erskine had sighted a huge buck, had fired quickly and at close range. Wounded, the buck had charged, Erskine's knife was twisted in his belt, and the buck was upon him before he could get it out. He tried to dart for a tree, stumbled, turned, and caught the infuriated beast by the horns. He uttered no cry, but the angry bellow of the stag reached the ears of Black Wolf through the woods, and he darted toward the sound. And he came none too soon. Erskine heard the crack of a rifle, the stag toppled over, and he saw Black Wolf standing over him with a curiously triumphant look on his saturnine face. In Erskine, when he rose, the white man was predominant, and he thrust out his hand, hit Black Wolf ignored it.

"White Arrow gave Black Wolf his life. The debt is paid."

Erskine looked at his enemy, nodded, and the two bore the stag away. Instantly a marked change was plain in Black Wolf. He told the story of the fight with the buck to all. Boldly he threw off the mantle of shame, stalked haughtily through the village, and went back to open enmity with Erskine. At dusk day or two later, when he was coming down the path from the white woman's wigwam, Black Wolf confronted him, scowling.

"Early Morn shall belong to Black Wolf," he said insolently. Erskine met his half-foul, half-drunken eyes scornfully.

"We will leave that to Early Morn," he said coolly, and then turned suddenly:

"Out of my way!"

Black Wolf hesitated and gave way, but ever thereafter Erskine was on guard.

In the white woman, too, Erskine now saw a change. Once she had en-

gaged him to stay with the Indians; now she lost no opportunity to urge against it. She had heard that Hamilton would try to retake Vincennes, that he was forming a great force with which to march south, sweep through Kentucky, batter down the wooden forts, and force the Kentuckians behind the great mountain wall. Erskine would be needed by the whites, who would never understand or trust him if he should stay with the Indians. All this she spoke one day when Erskine came to her tent to talk. Her face had blanched, she had argued passionately that he must go, and Erskine was sorely puzzled. The girl, too, had grown rebellious and disobedient, for the change in her mother was plain also to her, and she could not understand. Moreover, Erskine's stubbornness grew, and he began to flame within at the stalking insolence of Black Wolf, who slipped through the shadows of day and the dusk to spy on the two wherever they came together. And, one day when the sun was midway, and in the open of the village, the clash came. Black Wolf darted forth from his wigwam, his eyes bloodshot with rage and drink, and his hunting knife in his hand. A cry from Early Morn warned Erskine and he wheeled. As Black Wolf made a vicious slash at him he sprang aside, and with his fist caught the savage in the jaw. Black Wolf fell heavily and Erskine was upon him with his own knife at his enemy's throat.

"Stop there!" old Kahtoo cried sternly, but it was the terrified shriek of the white woman that stayed Erskine's hand. Two young braves disarmed, the fallen Indian, and Kahtoo looked inquiringly at his adopted son.

"Turn him loose!" Erskine scolded. "I have no fear of him. He is a woman and drunk, but next time I shall kill him."

The white woman had run down, caught Early Morn, and was leading her back to her tent. From inside presently came low, passionate pleading from the woman and an occasional sob from the girl. And when an hour later, at dusk, Erskine turned upward toward the tent, the girl gave a horrid cry, flashed from the tent, and darted for the high cliff over the river.

"Catch her!" cried the mother. "Quick!" Erskine fled after her, overtook her with her hands upraised for the plunge on the very edge of the cliff, and half carried her, struggling and sobbing, back to the tent. With the girl dropped in a weeping heap, and with her face covered, and the woman turned to Erskine, agonized.

"I told her," she whispered, "and she was going to kill herself. You are my son!"

Still sleepless at dawn, the boy rode Firefly into the woods. At sunset he came in, gaunt with brooding and hunger. His foster mother brought him food, but he would not touch it. The Indian woman stared at him with keen suspicion, and presently old Kahtoo, passing slowly, bent on him the same look, but asked no question. Erskine gave no heed to either, but his mother, watching from her wigwam, understood and grew fearful. Quickly she stepped outside and called him, and he rose and went to her, bewildered; she was smiling.

"They are watching," she said, and Erskine, too, understood, and kept his back toward the watchers.

"I have decided," he said. "You and she must leave here and go with me."

His mother pretended much displeasure. "She will not leave, and I will not leave her"—her lips trembled—"and I would have gone long ago but—"

"I understand," interrupted Erskine, "but you will go now with your son."

The poor woman had to scowl. "No, and you must not tell them. They will never let me go, and they will use me to keep you here. You must go at once. She will never leave this tent as long as you are here, and if you stay she will die, or kill herself. Some day—" She turned abruptly and went back into her tent. Erskine wheeled and went to old Kahtoo.

"You want Early Morn," asked the old man. "You shall have her."

"No," said the boy. "I am going back to the big chief."

"You are my son and I am old and weak."

"I am a soldier and must obey the big chief's commands, as must you."

"I shall live," said the old man wearily. "Until you come again."

Erskine nodded and went for his horse. Black Wolf watched him with malignant satisfaction, but said nothing—nor did Crooked Lightning. Erskine turned once as he rode away. His mother was standing outside her wigwam. Mournfully she waved her hand. Behind her and within the tent he could see Early Morn with both hands at her breast.

At Williamsburg Erskine learned many things. Colonel Dale, now a general, was still with Washington and Harry was with him. Hugh was with the Virginia militia and Dave with Lafayette.

Tarleton's legion of rangers in their white uniforms were scouring Virginia as they had scourged the Carolinas. Through the James River country they had gone with fire and sword, burning houses, carrying off

prisoners, destroying crops, burning grain to the tills, laying plantations to waste. Barbara's mother was dead. Her neighbors had moved to safety, but Barbara, he heard, still lived with old Mammy and Ephraim at Red Oaks unless that, too, had been recently put to the torch. Where, then, would he find her?

Down the river Erskine rode with a sad heart. At the place where he had fought with Grey he pulled Firefly to a sudden halt. There was the boundary of Red Oaks and there started a desolation that ran as far as his eye could reach. Red Oaks had not been spared, and he put Firefly to a fast gallop, with eyes straining far ahead and his heart beating with agonized foreboding and savage rage. Soon over a distant clump of trees he could see the chimneys of Barbara's home—his home, he thought helplessly—and perhaps those chimneys were all that was left. And then he saw the roof and the upper windows and the cap of the big columns unharmed, untouched, and he pulled Firefly in again, with overwhelming relief, and wondered at the miracle. Again he started and again pulled in when he caught sight of three horses hatched near the stiles. Turning quickly from the road, he led Firefly in the underbrush. Very quietly he slipped along the path by the river, and, pushing aside through the rose bushes, lay down where unseen he could peer through the closely matted hedge. He had not long to wait. A white uniform issued from the great hall door and another and another—and after them Barbara—smiling. The boy's blood ran hot—smiling at her enemies. Two officers bowed. Barbara curtseied, and they wheeled on their heels and descended the steps. The third stayed behind a moment, bowed over her hand and kissed it. The watchman's blood turned then to liquid fire. Great God, at what price was that noble old house left standing? Grinny, swiftly Erskine turned, sliding through the bushes like a snake to the edge of the road, when he fell back into a startled, paralyzed, inactive heap. Glimpsed through an opening in the bushes, the leading trooper in the uniform of Tarleton's legion was none other than Dane Grey, and Erskine's brain had worked quicker than his angry heart. This was a mystery that must be solved before his pistols spoke. He rose crouching as the troopers rode away. If Tarleton's men were around he would better brave Firefly where he was in the woods for a while. A startled gimp behind him made him wheel, pistol once more in hand, to find a negro, mouth wide open and staring at him from the road.

The two years in the wilderness had left their mark on Erskine. He was tall, lean, swarthy, gaunt, and the bark linea, and both hollowed "boggins" out of the knot of a tree. Clark turned his amazing march to Vincennes, recaptured it by the end of February, and sent Hamilton to Williamsburg a prisoner. Erskine pleaded to be allowed to take him there, but Clark would not let him go. Permanent garrisons were placed at Vincennes and Cahokia, and at Kaskaskia. Erskine stayed to help make peace with the Indians, punish marauders and hunting bands, so that by the end of the year Clark might sit at the falls of the Ohio as a shield for the West and a sure guarantee that the whites would never be forced to abandon wild Kentucky.

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an officer in the American army?" The girl would not answer.

"Was he taken prisoner?" Still she was silent, for the surcuse in Erskine's voice was angering her.

"He fought once under Benedict

to camouflage. He laid out camp ostentatiously opposite New York and in plain sight of the enemy. He made a feigned attack on their posts. Rochambeau moved south and reached the Delaware before the British grasped the Yankee trick. Then it was too late. The windows of Philadelphia were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and crying bravos when the tattered Continentals, their clothes thick with dust but hats plumed with sprigs of green, marched through amid their torn battle flags and rumbling cannon. Behind followed the French in "gay white uniforms faced with green," and martial music thrashed the air. Down the Chesapeake they went in transports and were concentrated at Williamsburg before the close of September. Cornwallis had erected works against the bay, for he knew nothing of Washington and Count de Grasse, nor Mad Anthony and General Nelson, who were south of the James to prevent escape into North Carolina.

"To your goodness," the boy wrote to Washington, "I am owing the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

Then came De Grasse, who drove off the British fleet, and the mouth of the river was closed.

Cornwallis heard the cannon and sent Clinton to appeal for help, but the answer was Washington himself at the head of his army. And then the joyous march.

"Tis our first campaign!" cried the French gayly, and the Continentals joyfully answered:

"Tis our last!"

At Williamsburg the allies gathered, and with Washington's army came Colonel Dale, now a general, and young Capt. Harry Dale, who had brought news from Philadelphia that was of great interest to Erskine Dale. In that town Dave Grey had been a close intimate of Andre, and that intimacy had been the cause of much speculation since. He had told Dave of his mother and Early Morn, and Dave had told him gravely that he must go get them after the campaign was over and bring them to the fort in Kentucky. If Early Morn still refused to come, then he must bring his mother, and he reckoned grimly that no mouth would open in a word that could offend her. Erskine also told of Red Oaks and Dave Grey, but Dave must tell nothing to the Dales—not yet, if ever.

They marched next morning at daybreak. At sunset of the second day they bivouacked within two miles of Yorktown and the siege began. The allied line was a crescent, with each camp resting on the water—Lafayette commanding the Americans on the right, the French on the left under Rochambeau. De Grasse, with his fleet, was in the bay to cut off approach by water. Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the mutual cannoneade of three or four days began. The scene was sublime and stupendous."

Two British men-of-war lying in the river were struck with hot shot and set on fire, and the result was full of

"Yassuh, Mars Grey is suitably up to some devilment no which side he fightin' fer. I got a gal oven on the side o' de Grey plantation an' she tel' me dat Mars Dane Grey don't wear white uniform all de time."

"What's that—what's that?" asked Erskine.

"No, suh. She say he got an older uniform, same as rose, an' he keeps it by his uncle Sam's cabin an' she's seed him go dar in white an' come out in our uniform, an' alays at night, Mars Erskine—alays at night."

The negro cocked his ear suddenly:

"Take to de woods quick, Mars Erskine. Horses comin' down the road."

But the sound of coming hoofbeats had reached the woodman's ears some seconds before the black man heard them, and already Erskine had wheeled away. And Ephraim saw Firefly skim along the edge of a blackened meadow behind its hedge of low trees.

"Gawl!" said the black boy, and he stood watching the road. A band of white-coated troopers was coming in a cloud of dust, and at the head of them rode Dane Grey.

"Hus Capt. Erskine been here?" he demanded.

Ephraim had his own reason for being on the good side of the question, and did not even hesitate.

"Yassuh—he jes' lef'! Dar he goes now!" With a curse Grey wheeled his troopers. At that moment Firefly, with something like the waving flight of a bluebird, was leaping the meadow fence into the woods. The black boy looked after the troopers' dust.

"Gawl!" he said again, with a grin that showed every insignificant tooth in his head. "Jest as well try to catch a streak o' lightning." And quite undisturbed he turned to tell the news to old mammy.

"I am on my way to John General Lafayette."

"But you will be captured. It is dangerous. The country is full of British soldiers."

"So I know," Erskine said dryly.

"When did you get here?"

"Twenty minutes ago. I would not have been welcome just then. I walked in the hedge. I saw you had company."

"Did you see them?" she faltered.

"I even recognized one of them." Barbara sank into a chair, her elbow on one arm, her chin in her hand, her face turned, her eyes looking outdoors.

She said nothing, but the toe of her slipper began to tap the floor gently. There was no further use for indecision or concealment.

"Barbara," Erskine said with some sternness, and his tone quickened the tapping of the slipper and made her little mouth tighten, "what does all this mean?"

"Did you see him?" she answered, without looking at him, "that the crops were all destroyed and the cattle and horses were all gone?"

"Why did they spare the hen-c?"

"The girl's bosom rose with one quick,

defiant intake of breath, and for a moment she held it.

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### ERSKINE DALE

Continued from Page 2

sickening fear. General Dale's wound having opened afresh, made traveling impossible, and Harry had a slight bayonet thrust in the shoulder. Erskine determined to save them all the worry possible and to act now as the head of the family himself. He announced that he must go straight back at once to Kentucky and Captain Clark. Harry stormed unavailingly and General Dale pleaded with him to stay, but gave reluctant leave. To Dave he told his fears and Dave vehemently declared he, too, would go along, but Erskine would not hear of it and set forth alone.

Slowly enough he started, but with every mile suspicion and fear grew the faster and he quickened Firefly's pace. The distance to Williamsburg was soon covered, and skirting the town, he went on swiftly for Red Oaks. Suppose he were too late, but even if he were not too late, what should he do, what could he do? Firefly was sweeping into a little hollow now, and above the beating of her hoofs in the sandy road, a clink of metal reached his ears beyond the low hill ahead, and Erskine swerved aside into the bushes. Some one was coming, and apparently out of the red ball of the sun hanging over that hill sprang a horseman at a dead run—black Ephraim!

"Step!" Erskine cried, but the negro came thundering on, as though he meant to ride down anything in his way. Firefly swerved aside, and Ephraim shot by, pulling in with both hands and shouting: "Marse Erskine! Yassuh, yassuh! Thank Gawd you're come!" When he wheeled he came back at a gallop—nor did he stop.

"Come on, Marse Erskine!" he cried. "No time to waste. Come on, suh!"

With a few leaps Firefly was abreast, and neck and neck they ran, while the darky's every word confirmed the instinct and reason that had led Erskine where he was.

"Yassuh, Miss Barbary gwine to run away wid dat mean white man, Yassuh, dis very night."

"When did he get here?"

"Pleasawable. He been pesterin' her an' pleadin' wid her all day on' she been cryin' her heart out, but mammy say she's gwine wid him. Pleasawable she can't hep herself."

"Is he alone?"

"No, suh; he got an officer an' four sejors wid him."

"How did they get awny?"

"He say as how dey was on a scoutin' party an' 'scend."

"Does he know that Cornwallis has surrendered?"

"Oh, yassuh, he tol' Miss Barbary dat. Dat's why he says he got to git away right now an' he got to go wid him right now."

"Did he say anything about General Dale and Mr. Harry?"

"Yassuh, he say dat dey's all right an' dat dey an' you will be hot on his tracks. Dat's why, mammy tol' me to ride like de debbil an' hurry you on, suh. Dis afternoon," the negro went on, "he went ovah to dat cabin, I tol' you, 'bout an' got dat American uniform. He gwine to tell folks on de way dat dem ellers is his prisoners an' he takin' dem to Richmond. Den dey gwine to seprate am' he an' Miss Barbary gwine to git married somwhur on de way an' dey goin' on an' all for England, fer he say if he git captured folks'll won't let him be prisoner o' war—dey'll jes' up an' shoot him. An' dat skeer Miss Barbary mos' to death an' hep him go wid him. Mammy heah'd ever word dey say."

Erskine's brain was working fast, but no plan would come. They would be six against him, but no matter—he urged Firefly on. The red ball from which Ephraim had leaped had gone down now. The chill autumn darkness was settling, but the moon was rising full and glorious over the black expanse of trees when the lights of Red Oaks first twinkled ahead.

The negro turned from the road through a gate, and Erskine heard the thud of his horse's hoofs across the meadow turf. He rode on slowly, hatched Firefly as close to the edge of the road as was safe, and crept to the edge of the garden, where he could peer through the hedge. The hall door was open and the hallway lighted; so was the dining room; and there were lights in Barbara's room. There were no noises, not even of animal life, and no figures moving about or in the house. What could he do?

One thing at least, no matter what happened to him—he could number Dame Grey's days and make this night his last on earth. It would probably be his own last night, too. Impulsively he crawled back to the edge of the road. More quickly than he expected, he saw Ephraim's figure slipping through the shadows toward him.

"Dey's jus' through supper," he reported. "Miss Barbary didn't eat wid 'em. She's up in her room. Dat ud der officer been stormin' at Marse Grey an' hurryin' him up. Mammy been holdin' de little missus back all she can. She say she got to make like she heppin' her pack."

"Ephraim," said Erskine quickly, "go tell Mr. Grey that one of his men wants to see him right away at the bandit. When he starts down the

path you run around the hedge and be on hand in the bushes."

"Yassuh," and the boy showed his teeth in a comprehending smile. It was not long before he saw Grey's tall figure easily emerge from the hall door and step full in the light. He saw Ephraim slip around the corner and Grey move to the end of the porch, doubtless in answer to the black boy's whispered summons. For a moment the two figures were motionless and then Erskine began to tingle acutely from head to foot. Grey came swiftly down the great path, which was radiant with moonlight. As Grey neared the door Erskine moved toward him, keeping in a dark shadow, but Grey saw him and called in a low tone but sharply:

"Well, what is it?" With two paces more Erskine stepped out into the moonlight with his cocked pistol at Grey's breast.

"This," he said quietly. "Make no noise—and don't move." Grey was startled, but he caught his control instantly and without fear.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Grey, and so, for that matter, is—Benefit Arnold."

"Captain Grey," corrected Grey instantly.

"I do not recognize your rank. To me you are merely Traitor Grey."

"You are entitled to unusual freedom of speech—under the circumstances."

"I shall grant you the same freedom," Erskine replied quickly. "In a moment. Twice you have said that you would fight me with anything, any time, any place." Grey bowed slightly. "I shall ask you to make those words good and I shall accordingly choose the weapons." Grey bowed again. "Ephraim!" The boy stepped from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ain' you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hull very quietly and bring me the two rappers on the wall."

Erskine addressed Grey. "I know more of your career than you think,

would you like a short resting spell?"

From the shadow Ephraim chuckled, and Grey snapped:

"Make that black devil!"

"Keep quiet, Ephraim!" broke in Erskine sternly. Again Grey misnamed for the moon, to no avail, and Erskine gave warning:

"Try that again and I will put that moon in your eyes and keep it there." Grey was getting angry now and was beginning to pant.

"Your wind is short," said Erskine with mock compassion. "I will give you a little breathing-spell presently."

Grey was not wasting his precious breath now and he made no answer.

"Now!" said Erskine sharply, and Grey's blade drew from his hand and lay like a streak of silver on the dewy grass. Grey rushed for it.

"D—n you!" he raged, and wheeled furiously—patience, humor, and caution quite gone—and they fought now in deadly silence. Ephraim saw the British officer appear in the hall and walk steadily down the steps as though he were coming down the path, but he dared not open his lips. There was the sound of voices, and it was evident that the game had ended in a quarrel and the players were coming up the river bank toward them. Erskine heard, but if Grey did he at first give no sign—he was too much concerned with the death that faced him. Suddenly Erskine knew that Grey had heard, for the fear in his face gave way to a diabolical grin of triumph and he lashed suddenly into defense—if he could protect himself only a little longer! Erskine had delayed the finishing stroke too long and he must make it now. Grey gave, way step by step—parrying only. The blades flashed like tiny bits of lightning. Erskine's face, grin and inexorable, brought the sick fear back into Grey's mind, and Erskine saw his enemy's lips open. He lunged then, his blade went true, sank to the hilt, and Grey's wrapt soul started on its way with a craven cry for help. Erskine sprang back into the shadows and snatched his pistol from Ephraim's hand from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ain' you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hull very quietly and bring me the two rappers on the wall."

Erskine addressed Grey. "I know more of your career than you think,

"Get out of the way now. Tell them I did it."

Once he looked back. He saw Barbara at the hall door with old mammy behind her. With a running leap he vaulted the hedge, and, hidden in the bushes, Ephraim heard Firefly's hoofs beating ever more faintly the sandy road.

### CHAPTER XVII

Yorktown broke the British heart, and General Dale, still weak from wounds, went home to Red Oaks. It was not long before, with gentle inquiry, he had pieced off the full story of Barbara and Erskine and Dame Grey, and wisely he waited his chance with each phase of the situation. Frankly he told her first of Grey's dark treachery, and the girl listened with horrified silence, for she would as soon have distrusted that beloved father as the heavenly Father in her prayers. She left him when he finished the story and he let her go without another word. All day she was in her room and at sunset she gave him her answer, for she came to him dressed in white, knelt by his chair, and put her head in his lap. And there was a rose in her hair.

"I have never understood about myself and—and that man," she said, "and never will."

"I do," said the general gently, "and I understand you through my sister who was so like you." Erskine's father was as judgmental as Harry is now, and I am trying to act toward you as my father did toward her." The girl pressed her lips to one of his hands.

"I think I'd better tell you the whole story now," said General Dale, and he told Erskine's father, his wilderness and his wanderings, his marriage, and the capture of his wife and the little son by the Indians, all of which she knew, and the girl wondered why he should be telling her again. The general paused:

"You have not been idle?"

"I have learned more of my father's sword than I knew when we used them last."

"I am glad—it will be more interesting," Erskine looked toward the house and moved impatiently.

"My brother officer has dined too well," noted Grey placidly, "and the rest of my—er—retinue are gambling. We are quite secure."

"Ah!" Erskine breathed—he had seen the black boy run down the steps with something under one arm and presently Ephraim was in the shadow of the thicket:

"Give me to Mr. Grey, Ephraim, and the other to me. I believe you said on that other occasion that there was no choice of blades?"

"Quite right," Grey answered, skillfully testing his bit of steel.

"Keep well out of the way, Ephraim," warned Erskine, "and take this pistol. You may need it if I am worried, to protect yourself."

"Indeed, yes," returned Grey, "and kindly instruct him not to use it to protect you." For answer Erskine sprang from the shadow—discarding formal courtesies.

"Eh gardo!" he called sternly.

Grey was cautious at first, trying out his opponent's increase in skill:

"You have made marked improvement."

"Thank you," smiled Erskine.

"Your wrist is much stronger."

"Naturally," Grey leaped backward and parried just in time a vicious thrust that was like a dart of lightning.

"No," said the old general with a gentle smile. He was driving the hard deep, but sooner or later it had to be done.

"Look here!" He pulled an old piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. Her wide eyes fell upon a rude boyish scrawl and a rude drawing of a buffalo pierced by an arrow:

"There is more," he said finally. "Ephraim's father was the eldest brother—and died Oaks."

The girl sprang to her feet,襄ited, agonized and incredulous.

"Yes," he went on, "the white woman whom he found in the Indian village was his mother."

"Father!" She lifted her head quickly, leaned back with hands caught tight in front of her, looked up into his face—her own.

"Then," she said slowly, "that Indian girl—Early Morn—is his half-sister. Oh, oh!" A great pity flooded her heart and eyes. "Why didn't Erskine take them away from the Indians?"

"His mother wouldn't leave them." And Barbara understood.

"Poor Erskine!" she whispered, and tears came. Her father leaned back and for a moment closed his eyes.

"There is more," he said finally. "Ephraim's father was the eldest brother—and died Oaks."

The girl sprang to her feet,襄ited, agonized and incredulous.

"God pity me," she whispered. "I drove him from his own home."

"Eh gardo!" he called sternly.

Grey was cautious at first, trying out his opponent's increase in skill:

"I wonder if he taught you how to meet this."

"He did," answered Erskine, parry-

ing easily and with an answering thrust that turned! Grey suddenly anxious. Constantly Grey maneuvered to keep his back to the moon, and just as constantly Erskine easily kept him where the light shone fairly on both. Grey began to breathe heavily.

"I think, too," said Erskine, "that my wind is a little better than yours."

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**The Mercury.**

Newspaper, R. I.

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Saturday, July 22, 1922

The Lowell Observatory reports that there have been heavy rains on Mars of late. Well, denizens of this mundane sphere can sympathize with the Martians. They have had not all the rain of the universe.

It looks as though most everybody in Texas wanted to be United States Senator. Already six candidates are in the field and more are brushing up their armor for the fray. In fact, candidates are multiplying everywhere.

Massachusetts is waking up. Just now she is building 38 new school-houses to cost more than seven millions of dollars, and 32 more buildings, to cost over ten millions, have been authorized. These buildings, when completed, will house 34,000 pupils.

In order to get a quorum to do business at a town meeting in the town of Dedham, Mass., the other day, it was found necessary to ring in the fire alarm. Why don't they try such a scheme when they want to get the representative council out to do business?

It is estimated that there were 6000 automobiles in town on Sunday last, perhaps one-third of their occupants left a dollar or more at the beach or at a restaurant. Most of them probably brought their lunches with them. The value of Sunday excursionists to Newport is very questionable.

**A GOOD FINANCIAL SHOWING**

Lightning performs some queer tricks sometimes. During a thunder storm in Middletown, N. Y., on Tuesday, a woman was sitting on an iron bed, when the lightning struck the chimney of the house, tore off the woman's shoes and stockings and set fire to the bed. The woman was badly burned, but the despatch says she will recover.

According to the Federal Bureau of Agricultural Economics there is every indication of an immense production of apples and potatoes in the United States this year. The apple yield is expected to be more than ten million barrels exceed the crop of last year. The potato crop is expected to be the largest since the bumper crop of 1917. The country can stand it without a murmur.

Another candidate for Governor has appeared in Massachusetts. In fact the woods seem to be full of them. The latest is ex-Governor Foss. He cast his hat into the ring on Tuesday as a full fledged candidate on the Democratic ticket. This makes at least four aspirants of that persuasion. The numerous political aspirants ought to keep things lively in the Bay State till November.

The so-called Republican Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, is to be the candidate of the Wisconsin Socialists at the coming election. That ought to be enough to prevent the Republicans of that State from voting for him. La Follette is anything but a Republican, and now that the Socialists have adopted him he would seem to be in the right camp. Our hope is that he will stay there.

This probably will go down in history as the best season that Newport has had since long before the World War. There are fewer closed cottages in the summer section of the city than there have been for the past ten years. Dinners and entertainments are much more numerous than they have been in many years. All of which proves that Newport has not lost its prestige as the queen summer resort of America.

According to the report just rendered to President Harding the United States has spent \$59,500,000 in Russian relief; 140 ships with 783,878 tons of food have been sent to the starving Russians. Medicines for the sick have been furnished without limit. The famine is reported to be now under control and the prospects are bright for a good harvest this fall. In addition to Russian relief, the people of the United States have spent seventy millions in Near East relief, which it is said has saved the lives of more than a million people.

The state of Connecticut closes the financial year with \$1,193,833.31 in its treasury, and no outstanding current indebtedness. There must be something wrong about this. Who ever heard of a state or city, or a municipality of any kind, closing the year with all bills paid and money in the treasury? The state has a bonded indebtedness of sixteen millions, not due yet for many years, but she already has ten millions in the sinking fund towards its payment. The land of "steady habits," and "wooden nutmegs" evidently could teach some other places we know of a good lesson in finance as well as in economical management of public affairs.

**AN OFT-REPEATED FICTION CORRECTED**

The Providence Sunday Journal in a long article commendatory of Judge George N. Bliss of East Providence, who has been judge of the Trial District and District courts for nearly fifty years, repeats the old fable that was set going some thirty-five years ago for political effect. It says:

"In 1886 the General Assembly changed the Justice court system of the towns to the State District Court system. Twelve courts were created and all but one of the men elected to the judgements of those courts were members of the General Assembly which created them.

The General Assembly in 1886, as the Journal says, created the District Court system, which has stood the test of thirty-six years without alteration or amendment. Of the twelve judges elected at that time four only were members of the General Assembly, viz., Benjamin M. Bosworth of Warren, James W. Blackwood of Providence, George N. Bliss of East Providence, and James Harris of Smithfield. The two latter are still on the bench. So well are they fitted for the position that they have been unanimously re-elected every three years up to the present time. One of the four, Benjamin M. Bosworth, was promoted to the Supreme Court bench, and the other died some years since. These four members of the General Assembly that were elected judges of the new district courts, were all judges of the trial justice courts which the new act repealed. They had all performed their duties well in the old courts and there would seem to have been no good reason to legislate them out of office. Two other of the judges elected at that time were afterwards promoted to the Supreme Court bench, namely, Judge Darius Baker of Newport, and Clarke H. Johnson of Foster. On the whole it would appear that the choice of judges made by the General Assembly of 1886 was quite satisfactory to the people of the State.

**NOT A PLEASING PICTURE**

The Providence Journal, in a series of articles, paints a not altogether pleasing picture of the condition of affairs in our nearby neighbor, the town of Bristol. It says, among other things:

"Half a century and more ago the town of Bristol, with merchant craft from all over the world riding at anchor in her harbor; with great, pleasant farms, famed in half a dozen countries, for their product, stretching out from the centre, and with the friendly village as a meeting place for the people whose lives knew spiritual things as well as material, was the pride of Rhode Island, and typical of all that was best in New England life.

"Today, Bristol's docks are bare of ships and her farms are memories. Factories have replaced them both, and men, who in other generations would have been tilling the fields or sailing out of Bristol harbor before the mist with a song on their lips, are tending noisy machines that drown out the spirit as well as the sound of song. In the market places there is the clash of a score of alien tongues and the old neighborhood is gone.

"In the pursuit of her present occupation, some of the other things in life have been passed by, until now Bristol lags far behind the State it once so proudly led.

Bristol has, to list its problems after the fashion of the blackboard: The highest percentage of foreign-born population of any community in Rhode Island. The highest percentage of foreigners who have not become citizens. The highest percentage of illiteracy. The highest percentage of children who do not go to school. The highest percentage of delinquent children. The highest child death rate. The highest child tuberculosis rate. The lowest percentage of naturalized foreigners. The lowest percentage of voters to total population.

**R. I. GUARD INSPECTED**

The Rhode Island National Guard, which has been in camp at Fort Greble this week for its annual tour of duty and inspection, numbers very close to 1000 men, many of whom are veterans of the late war. On Wednesday Governor E. J. San Souci paid a visit to the Fort and was received with the honors due the Commander-in-chief of the State forces. He was accompanied by Adjutant General Charles W. Abbot and the whole Guard passed in review, the inspection and, parade being followed by exhibition drills by the different companies.

It had been planned to have heavy gun practice by the State troops, but owing to the dense fog that prevailed the targets could not be seen, and this feature had to be postponed.

Plans are being worked out for the celebration of Fleet Day in Newport on Wednesday, August 16th. It is planned to have decorations in the center of the city, especially from the old State House to the Government Landing. Application has been made to the board of aldermen to have Washington Square closed to traffic during the evening, in order that the block party may be held there.

**Jazz Records and Song Hits**

A2850-\$1.00  
Fl Fe Fun—One Step  
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox Trot  
A2859-\$1.00  
Just Another Kiss—W Ah There—Fox Trot  
A2833-\$1.00  
Mohammed—Fox Trot  
Afghanistan—Fox Trot  
A2895-\$1.00  
Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot  
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot  
A2898-\$1.00  
Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson  
C-U-B-A—Kaufman  
We ship Records all over  
the country.

**PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE**  
NEWPORT, R. I.**Weekly Calendar JULY 1922****STANDARD TIME.**

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Water	Even
21 Sat	22 Sun	23 Mon	24 Tue	25 Wed	26 Thu	27 Fri	28 Sat	29 Sun
28 Sat	29 Sun	30 Mon	31 Tue	1 Wed	2 Thu	3 Fri	4 Sat	5 Sun
1 Sat	2 Sun	3 Mon	4 Tue	5 Wed	6 Thu	7 Fri	8 Sat	9 Sun
8 Sat	9 Sun	10 Mon	11 Tue	12 Wed	13 Thu	14 Fri	15 Sat	16 Sun
15 Sat	16 Sun	17 Mon	18 Tue	19 Wed	20 Thu	21 Fri	22 Sat	23 Sun
23 Sat	24 Sun	25 Mon	26 Tue	27 Wed	28 Thu	29 Fri	30 Sat	31 Sun
31 Sat	1 Sun	2 Mon	3 Tue	4 Wed	5 Thu	6 Fri	7 Sat	8 Sun

First quarter July 1, 5:53 evening  
Full moon, July 3 1:05 evening  
Last quarter July 17, 12:02 morning  
New moon July 24, 7:45 morning  
Last quarter, July 30, 11:23 evening

**Deaths.**

In this city, 15th inst., Edward K. son of the late Henry C. and Abby A. Stevens. Suddenly, in this city, 18th inst., Thomas Cronin.

In this city, July 17, Edith A., wife of William H. Clarke.

In this city, 15th inst., Edgar L. Taggart, aged 76 years.

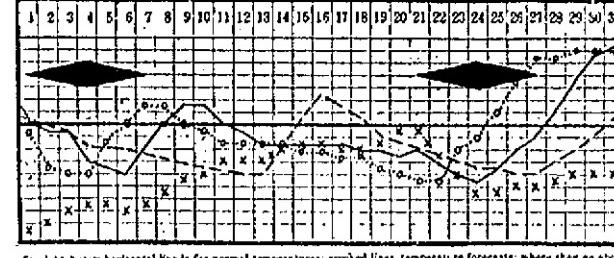
In this city, 15th inst., Brinda, daughter of Mary V. Ackley presiding.

In Middletown, July 17, William A. son of George A. and Harriet Elizabeth Armstrong, in his 85th year.

Entered into rest, in Middletown, 15th inst., Ardella, widow of Elasha Clarke Peckham, in her 83rd year.

A beautiful tablet in memory of those graduates and former students of the Rogers High School who laid down their lives in the late war has been installed in the Assembly Hall of the Rogers building. It is a gift from the Alumni Association.

Colonel and Mrs. Edward A. Sherman have returned from an auto trip through New Hampshire.

**FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JULY 1922**

Solid heavy horizontal line is for normal temperatures; crossed lines, temperature forecast; where they go above mean sea level, below mean water; dashed lines, for more than 1000 feet above mean sea level; solid circles, for more than 5000 feet above mean sea level; solid dots, for more than 10,000 feet above mean sea level; solid stars, for more than 15,000 feet above mean sea level; solid triangles, for more than 20,000 feet above mean sea level; solid squares, for more than 25,000 feet above mean sea level; solid diamonds, for more than 30,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 35,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 40,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 45,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 50,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 55,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 60,000 feet above mean sea level; 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solid inverted triangles, for more than 205,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 210,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 215,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 220,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 225,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 230,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 235,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 240,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 245,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 250,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 255,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 260,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 265,000 feet above mean sea level; solid inverted triangles, for more than 270,000 feet above mean sea level; 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MISS INEZ PHANG  
Going Back to China for  
Uplift of Her People



## SENATE REJECTS EMBARGO ON DYES

Attempt to Force Extension of  
One Year Loses Out by Vote  
of 38 to 32.

### 14 REPUBLICANS OPPOSED

Revolt Also Keeps Cotton Duty Down.  
Smooth Yields to Lenroot's Opposi-  
tion and Reduces Schedule  
Without a Poll.

Washington.—The fight for a continuation of the embargo on dyes for a year after the administration tariff bill goes into force will be renewed in the senate despite its illumination from the Finance Committee's recommendations by a vote in the senate of 30 to 32.

A revolt of Republican senators against the plans of the Finance Committee was responsible for the defeat of the embargo. On Thursday a group of insurgent Republicans forced a reduction of the cotton yarn schedules.

Senator Frelinghuysen, Republican, of New Jersey, announced that he would again offer the dye provision after the tariff bill had been reported by the committee of the whole. Senator Bursum, Republican, of New Mexico, is preparing an amendment which will allow the dye manufacturers a profit of 10 per cent—all in excess of that to go into the United States treasury—while extending the embargo for the proposed year.

Fourteen Republicans, with the entire Democratic representation in the senate, voted against the extension of the dye embargo. Two Republicans were paired against it. This action marks the failure of the country's dye manufacturers in the fourth stage of their fight to keep their business under the existing system.

How Each Senator Voted

The roll call on the embargo amendment follows:

### FOR THE EMBARGO—32

	Republicans—32
Ball	Lodge
Brandegee	McClure
Bursum	McKinley
Calder	McLean
Curtis	McNary
du Pont	New
Edge	Oddie
Ernst	Pepper
Fernald	Philips
France	Rawson
Frelinghuysen	Shortridge
Gooding	Sterling
Hale	Townsend
Jones, Wash.	Warren
Ladd	Watson, Ind.
Lenroot	Willis

### AGAINST THE EMBARGO—38

	Republicans—14	Democrats—24
Borah	McCormick	Hansell
Capper	Moses	Robinson
Cummins	Nelson	Sheppard
Herreid	Nicholson	Shields
Johnson	Norbeck	Simmons
Kellogg	Norris	Smith
Keyes	Smoot	Stanley
Ashurst	Randall	Swanson
Caraway	Robinson	Trammell
Culberson	Sheppard	Underwood
Dial	Shields	Walsh, Mass.
Fletcher	Simmons	Walsh, Mo.
Harris	Smith	Ward
Harrison	Stanley	Wheeler
Hellin	Swanson	Wheeler
Kendrick	Trammell	Wheeler
King	Underwood	Wheeler
Overman	Walsh, Mass.	Wheeler
Pomerene	Walsh, Mo.	Wheeler

Senator Smith of South Carolina, Senator Simmons and others on the Democratic side criticized any increases. Senator Smith declared enormous profits were made by the manufacturers of thread, and he referred to one concern in particular which, he said, regularly made profits ranging from \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 a year.

In the end the rates proposed by the Finance Committee went through. Senator Lenroot, though not pleased with them, took the position that the senate increases were not large enough to engage in much controversy and there was no roll call.

The senate then went to the subject of cotton cloths in paragraph 903. Senators Smith, Simmons and Lenroot attacked the rates proposed by the committee, and without a roll call forced Senator Smoot to accept a series of reductions under the rates which the committee proposed.

### GERMAN MORATORIUM FAVORED

Further Control of German Finances  
Judged Impracticable.

Paris.—The reparation commission was officially notified that Germany had deposited \$2,000,000 gold marks in designated banks to meet her July 15 reparations payment.

The members of the allied committee on guarantees returned to Paris from Berlin with the majority of its members convinced that a moratorium of two years or more on cash indemnity payments is the only solution.

### MILITIA STARTS CRUISE.

New York Naval Unit Makes First  
Foreign Voyage.

New York.—Eight hundred sea-hunting naval militiamen, the first battalion of New York, left this port on the battleship Illinois for a fifteen-day cruise to Bermuda, the first time the organization has ventured to a foreign port.

The crew, commanded by Captain William Bell Wait, included bankers, plumbers, lawyers and office boys, all eager for a stiff period of drill.

The navy department has decided to open the naval training station at Newport, R. I., with the reopening of recruiting for the fleet. The Newport training station has been closed for some time, but now the orders have gone out directing that the recruits from the entire New England district shall go there for instructions.

The potato crop in Aroostook and other counties of Maine where they are grown commercially is said to be increased considerably over last year, but in non-commercial counties of Maine has decreased somewhat, while in the other New England states except Massachusetts, the crop has increased moderately.

## EDWARD HILTON YOUNG

A Man of Parts at  
the Hague Conference



Lieut. Com. Edward Hilton Young  
is one of the men representing Great  
Britain at The Hague conference on  
Russia affairs. Commander Young  
is the recently appointed financial sec-  
retary of the treasury. He has been  
the British financial adviser in Australia  
for some time.

## KILL FOUR IN RAID ON NON-UNION MINE

Sheriff Dies Leading Defense,  
but Heavy Casualties Are  
Inflicted on Miners.

Wellsburg, W. Va.—With four known dead, including the sheriff of Brooke county, H. H. Duval, and the bodies of two more supposed to be in fire ruins at the mouth of the mine at Cliftonville, seven miles north of this place, as the result of a battle between mine strikers and guards here, the town is guarded by state troopers and deputy sheriffs, who have captured forty-two participants in the rioting. Of these, twenty-four are in jail here, fifteen in Wheeling and three in Wheeling Hospital. The country as far as the Pennsylvania line, where the attacking strikers are supposed to have started their move, is being scoured by troopers and deputies who are supplied with "John Doe" warrants charging murder.

The battle was fought at the tipple of the mine, which is operated by the Richland Marshall Company, when the strikers, numbering about 250, swept down on the small band of county officers and mine guards. After a struggle, the odds told and the strikers conquered.

The bodies of those killed were found at the tipple. They were Sheriff Duval, fifty-five years old, Francis Millich, thirty-five, a striking miner, believed to have come from Monessen; a striker known as Crook, about forty-five years old, and an unidentified Italian, a member of the strikers' army.

Irving Moringo, a deputy sheriff of Wellsburg, in a critical condition, was taken to a hospital at Wheeling. He was shot through the mouth. Possessed by state police, deputy sheriffs and mine guards are combing the district to make certain that no wounded are lying in the woods.

### LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Secretary Weeks announces readiness to use federal troops to guard the railroads wherever local authorities are unable or unwilling to give adequate protection.

Insurgent Republicans move against tariff weakens; senate approves paragraph putting high duty on fancy woven cotton cloth, despite Lenroot's charge and Smoot's admission that it was written by a cotton manufacturer.

To produce the coal necessary to the public welfare, the President will not hesitate to take over the mines and operate them.

Senators Capper and Poindexter announce support of Senator Frelinghuysen's proposed revision of the tariff out of politics.

Administration sees attempt to force United States recognition of the Mexican government in President Obregon's delay in agreeing to funding of country's debt.

War Department announces 50,000 applicants for military training camps which can accommodate not more than 27,000.

Government seizure of the coal mines is considered inevitable now that miners reject the President's plan.

Railroad strike settlement put up to the President; railroad labor board abandons peace efforts temporarily; use of trucks to carry mail begins in Indiana.

Coal miners reject President Harding's arbitration plan; Harding defers action; makes plain to miners that responsibility for continuation of walk-out rests on them.

Hoover advises President Harding that famine and plague in Russia are under control.

Senate committee rejects Henry Ford's plan to buy and lease nitrate plant at Muscle Shoals.

The navy department has decided to open the naval training station at Newport, R. I., with the reopening of recruiting for the fleet. The Newport training station has been closed for some time, but now the orders have gone out directing that the recruits from the entire New England district shall go there for instructions.

The potato crop in Aroostook and other counties of Maine where they are grown commercially is said to be increased considerably over last year, but in non-commercial counties of Maine has decreased somewhat, while in the other New England states except Massachusetts, the crop has increased moderately.

## HINT AT FEDERAL TRAIN OPERATION

President Harding Holds Rail  
Workers Can Be Drafted if  
Government Takes Roads.

### START INQUIRY IN TEXAS

War Department Orders Inspector General to Denison to Report Conditions Coal and Rail Situations Occupy  
Full Attention of Advisers.

Washington.—It was intimated at the White House after a meeting of the cabinet at which the rail and miners' strike were the sole subjects of consideration that the government would take over operation of the railroads if the tie-up of traffic became sufficiently serious to demoralize business. It was made plain that conscription of striking railroad workers would be resorted to if necessary to obtain experienced men to run the trains.

Despite the failure of the railroad labor board to reach an agreement with the strike leaders in conferences in Chicago the President and his cabinet advisers were still confident that a way will be found to end the strike without resort to federal operation of the roads.

The cabinet agreed that the government had ample power to keep the transportation lines of the country in operation, but it was held that the rail strike had not yet developed to the extent where interstate commerce was being seriously interfered with.

Should the strike spread so that the movement of the mails and transportation generally was at a standstill the President is known to feel that the government seizure and operation of the carriers could be hastily put into effect.

The view of the President is that he does not think it would abridge the liberties of any American to draft the citizenship of the country in order to meet any crisis, such as a general tie-up of the transportation lines. He joins with his cabinet, however, in believing that the railroad situation is not likely to make this step necessary.

Much of the cabinet meeting was devoted to the hearing by the President of reports from his aids as to the latest developments in the situation.

Secretary of War Weeks and Attorney General Daugherty reported as to plans for the use of federal troops and United States marshals to guard the railroad shops and rights of way. The former laid especial stress on the situation in Texas, where the inspector general of the Eighth Army Corps, whose 18,000 troops are being held in readiness for service, was sent to survey the situation at Denison, where several disorders have occurred at the Missouri, Kansas & Texas shops.

The action by the governor of Texas in dispatching officials to investigate the situation at Denison has had the effect of making unnecessary or at least postponing the use of federal troops in that state. The adjutant general of Texas and a captain of the Texas Rangers have gone to Denison to report the situation to Governor Neff. Secretary Weeks was advised.

Another development in the Denison situation is the report that the Big Four have agreed to help the shopmen maintain order.

From other states the War Department has been advised that the strike situation is not menacing. Executives of several railroads have reported concerning their lines, but no direct appeal has been received for federal intervention. These reports show that conditions in Oklahoma are relatively bad, and that in West Virginia and Ohio some trouble is being experienced. The Louisville and Nashville is having trouble moving coal. The general purpose of the striking rail workers seems to prevent the movement of coal from the mountain fields there. In some sections, not disclosed by Mr. Weeks, the municipal authorities are not fully co-operating with the federal officials, but are sympathetic to the strikers. In no case where the National Guard has been called out, Mr. Weeks said, has any disposition developed among the state troops to wink at any illegal acts of the strikers.

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## The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

## Dividend No. 203

The trustees of this institution have declared a semi-annual dividend on all sums by the rules entitled thereto payable Saturday, July 15, 1922, at the rate of 4 1/2 per annum.

G. P. TAYLOR,  
Treas.

### GO FORWARD

with a will and determine to accomplish something worth while. You can do it by making regular deposits with the Industrial Trust Co.

Now is the time to open an account.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

### THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

## SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL

## The Dissolution of J. and M.

By JANE OSBORN

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There were four of them, Jean and Jane, Maud and Matilda, and they all lived together in a little white house in Hilton and taught school in the Hilton public schools.

"There's nothing to it," said Jean one evening after the supper dishes were out of the way and the four had gathered round the lamp that stood on the center table of their living room.

"Nothing to what?" said Jane, looking up from the algebra papers she was correcting.

"Nothing to school teaching," Jean explained. "You work like a horse all day with such big classes that about all you can do is to keep order and drive in enough facts to get the bright children to pass at examination. You don't have time."

"And what do you get?" Maud took up the refrain.

"A bare existence," signed Matilda.

"And you never meet any one," Jean resumed. "Look at a stenographer. Doesn't have to know half as much as a teacher and she meets men. She gets married or else she starts in business by herself and makes good money."

"I don't care about getting married," said Matilda. "But—" she hesitated and took a chocolate from the box of bonbons open on the table.

"Let's start in business, the four of us." It was Jane who made the proposition.

Then Jane it was agreed that they should go into business with a capital \$1. In a few more months the school term would be over. They could start the day after school closed, see how they made out, and if prospects were good they would all hand in their resignations by August. That would give the school board time enough to get other teachers.

"Let's make candy," said Jane, who had followed Matilda's example and was nibbling a chocolate cream.

"Sugar is six cents a pound at retail. Chocolate is fifteen, and candy, that is mostly sugar and chocolate, sells for eighty cents a pound."

So it was agreed that they should start a candy business. Also it was agreed that they should operate under the name of the J. & M. company. Then some one suggested that they must have capital; they must have a shop in a prominent place to sell their wares. They must start from the first with good equipment. They would need at least two thousand dollars, and their combined savings made only one thousand. Some one must get the necessary funds, and it was easy for Jane to persuade the others that Arthur Hayden, confirmed old bachelor and shrewd business man, should be approached. He was the town's richest man. He was most active in enforcing the latest amendment in Hilton. The fact that prohibition had created a keen demand for candy ought to be a good argument with him.

Lots were drawn, and before the school teachers retired that night it had been settled that Maud should undertake this quest of capital. The Yales had decided wisely. Maud was aggressive and unafraid. She taught 8-8 boys because she had a firm command of herself at all times. Her eyes was dark and steady and shyness had been left out of her makeup.

So Maud went to see Arthur Hayden. Arthur Hayden did not want to see her. He avoided her, but she was insistent. He was not especially attracted by her brisk manner and did not feel that the town of Hilton needed another candy store. Moreover, his own business, though in a prosperous condition, was in need of every bit of capital he could command. But Maud came home with her pledge of a thousand dollars.

The next day she called again on Mr. Hayden and that night announced herself as out of the compact.

"Mr. Hayden has offered me a salary that amounts to twice what I am making now. He wants me to begin as soon as school is over. My first work will be to sell stock for Hayden and company."

The fact was that Mr. Hayden had been very favorably impressed with the selling ability of the young woman who had actually been able to convince him to subscribe a thousand dollars to a business enterprise in spite of himself. Mr. Hayden called several times on the teachers, and then one day he came with good news for Jane.

He was president of the local board of education. They were in need of a superintendent of elementary schools and Mr. Hayden, having looked up Jane's record as a teacher, had decided and convinced the board that she was the best candidate for that position. This meant double Jane's present salary. It meant an opportunity to use talent which she knew she possessed. So Jean and Matilda were sole survivors of the J. and M. company.

One hot day in July after school had closed they started to work in the kitchen of the J. and M. company, where the temperature was ten degrees higher than it was in the sweltering street of Hilton. But Matilda stood over the kettles of boiling fudge and caramels with undaunted spirit. It was she who had bought the equipment, she who had taken a week to work in a large candy kitchen in New York, she who had bargained with the wholesale dealers for sugar, chocolate and other supplies. Jean, very limp, and with tears near the surface, was behind the counter selling the products of the J. and M. company to the customers, who were numerous even within the first week of the enterprise.

Mr. Hayden was a frequent customer. Sometimes he lingered for an

hour when purchasing a single box of candy. Sometimes he walked through the well-equipped kitchen, looking with unhidden admiration at Matilda with her smooth blonde hair hidden beneath her little white cap. Jean's tears were specially near the surface, though Jean couldn't exactly have told why.

Then one day Hayden had a long conversation with Matilda. He had long contemplated starting a lunchroom and recreation center for the thousand or so men and girls who worked in the Hayden company factories. Now he asked Matilda if she would undertake this work for \$3,000 a year to start with. Matilda took no time to consider. It would be many a long month before she could possibly take a thousand dollars salary from the earnings of the J. & M. company, and stirring caramel and fudge mixture had proved not even so inspiring as teaching elementary school children.

"Nothing to what?" said Jane, looking up from the algebra papers she was correcting.

"Nothing to school teaching," Jean explained. "You work like a horse all day with such big classes that about all you can do is to keep order and drive in enough facts to get the bright children to pass at examination. You don't have time."

"And what do you get?" Maud took up the refrain.

"A bare existence," signed Matilda.

"And you never meet any one," Jean resumed.

"Look at a stenographer. Doesn't have to know half as much as a teacher and she meets men. She gets married or else she starts in business by herself and makes good money."

"I don't care about getting married," said Matilda. "But—" she hesitated and took a chocolate from the box of bonbons open on the table.

"Let's start in business, the four of us." It was Jane who made the proposition.

"It was Jane who made the proposition."

"But I'm not like Maud and Matilda and Jane," said Jean.

"No, you're not," agreed Mr. Hayden. "I watched you all and studied you carefully. There is one vocation for which you are far better fitted than the rest—and it isn't selling stock or superintending schools or managing a recreation center and luncheon room or even running a candy business."

"Oh," said Jean, smiling through her tears, "is there anything you think I really am fitted for?" Really, I wouldn't care how small the salary was if I felt that I was really suited for it."

Then Mr. Hayden, confirmed old bachelor that he was, held two arms out and took the startled little Jean to him. "You are best suited to be my wife. I need you, dear little girl. I must have you. Will you marry me?"

And Jean, like the rest, did not hesitate to accept Mr. Hayden's proposal.

## FAMED AS GREAT AMERICAN

John Winthrop Figures in History as the "Father of Massachusetts"—Leader in All Things.

John Winthrop, rightly called the Father of Massachusetts, for 10 years the guiding spirit of the colony, and for 12 of those 10 years its governor, died at his home in Boston, March 26, 1649.

The passing of Winthrop marked the end of a distinct era in the history of the Massachusetts Bay colony. The era of Winthrop was an era of progress, of construction; an era of Puritanical intolerance held constantly in check by the moderation and kindly spirit of the chief magistrate himself. It is told that when Winthrop was on his death bed he was visited by Thomas Dudley, then deputy governor, and pressed to sign an order of banishment against a person holding false religious opinions. "No," said Winthrop, putting the paper aside. "I have done too much of that work already."

Originally one of the wealthy men of the colony, Winthrop had been robbed some ten years before by a rascally steward of an estate worth in present terms of money, several hundred thousand dollars. All that remained Winthrop had disposed of for the benefit of his living children and his creditors.

### World's Climate Changelers.

The first striking fact in the geological history of climate is that the present climate of the world has been maintained since the date of the earliest, unaltered sedimentary deposits. The oldest sandstones of the Scotch highlands and the English lowlands show that in pre-Cambrian times the winds had the same strength, the raindrops were of the same size, and they fell with the same force as at the present day. The mean climate of the world has been fairly constant, though there have been local variations which have led to the development of glaciers in regions now ice free, at various points in the geological scale. That there has been no progressive chilling of the earth since the date of the oldest known sediments is shown by their lithological characters, and by the recurrence of glacial deposits, some of which were laid down at low levels at intervals throughout geological time, according to the United States geological survey.

### To Remove Indelible Ink Stains.

Most indelible inks contain nitrate of silver, the stain of which may be removed by just soaking in a solution of common salt and water, and afterwards washing with ammonia.

### The Contented Life.

Living is a matter of fact sort of business and those who accept it as such succeed best, and live most contentedly.—Atchison Globe.

### Prudence Before Zealousy.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful, for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—Addison

## GETS RECIPES OF CANNIBALS

English Woman Novelist Learns Ways of New Guinea Epicures During Long Sojourn.

## THEIR MANNERS ARE PRAISED

Says Hypnotism Prevails Among Natives to An Extent Appearing Incredible—Position of Women Is Deplorable.

London.—Miss Beatrice Ormsby, the well known novelist, who has been 15 years in the South Sea Islands, has returned from New Guinea. As an indication of the wilderness and the unknown character of the vast tracts of territory comprising that country she mentioned that quite recently the islanders, with the aid of airplanes, had discovered a valley containing 10,000 people whose existence had not even been suspected. They were found to be living at an altitude where it was imagined that human life could not endure. She had a wonderful story to tell of her experiences. To a representative of the Evening Standard she said:

"New Guinea is one of the most noteworthy countries in the world, and a great deal of it has never been explored by white people. Within a certain distance the government has done a great deal, but there are stretches in which cannibal tribes live to themselves. Many, however, are induced to work on the plantations, and the cannibals are certainly the flattest native workers, because of their physical development and their demeanor. But cannibalism flourishes, and the people who practice it do not regard it as wrong. In the interior cannibals live to themselves, and it is only when they come under British jurisdiction that their cannibalistic tendencies are checked. One gets so accustomed to this question of cannibalism that it is accepted almost as a matter of course. I know the cookery recipes now as to the best methods of preparing human food."

Huge Stove Oven Used.

"In one part of the country there is a stone oven six feet long dug into a side of a hill for the purpose of dealing with the victims. The inhabitants of one village may attack another. The prisoners are tortured terribly, and then eaten. One method is to cut out their eyes and then roast the body alive in the traditional three-legged cauldron. The cannibals break the bones and legs of their victims beforehand sometimes, and then let the body lie in a running stream, which method, they believe, makes the meat more tender. The odd feature of it all is that the most determined cannibals are extremely well-mannered, and in all other respects are the best workers you can find. As to whether cannibalism springs from the love of human flesh or is merely a ritual one cannot say. I think the cannibals really like the human flesh. But you cannot get them to talk about it."

"Sorcery has a remarkable hold on the people in this country, and the occult powers that are displayed can only be regarded by white people as amusing. The natives even have a sorcerers' university where natives are taught for a period of two years. Sorcerers can carry poisonous and dangerous snakes in their hair, and can train them to bite people, leaving them loose in a house, and it is even possible, it is said, to make a snake bite a particular person. Equally extraordinary are the powers possessed by conjurors."

### Saturated in Hypnotism.

"I believe these natives understand hypnotism from end to end. They do table-turning with a sort of alligator-shaped lounge. They ask questions of spirits, and see blue lights. This happens in the Gulf country. The power of hypnotism is used to an extent that seems barely credible, but there is no doubt, to my mind, that certain natives are believed to hypnotize whole audiences, and they do it in one instance by means of a dance of the most peculiar character. I have seen this dance, and the extraordinary effect of it. The performer apparently dominates the whole of the room by his actions. The effect of the dancing is that hypnosis on a massed scale like this can be induced in the wretched possible way."

"Several people have tried to investigate the meaning of the mind, but they have not succeeded. It is quite obvious that the natives are saturated in hypnotism as a result of the practice of many centuries, which enables them to do all sorts of things that to us are always inexplicable. I do not admire spiritualism or hypnotism, and I am rather glad to find that it has its roots among savages."

"The position of women is deplorable. They are in effect slaves. Marriage is by purchase, and it is usually dependent on the number of pigs that can be offered by the bridegroom to the bride's parents. The pig, in fact, is thought to be of very much more value than the wife."

### Husbands Can't Have Alimony.

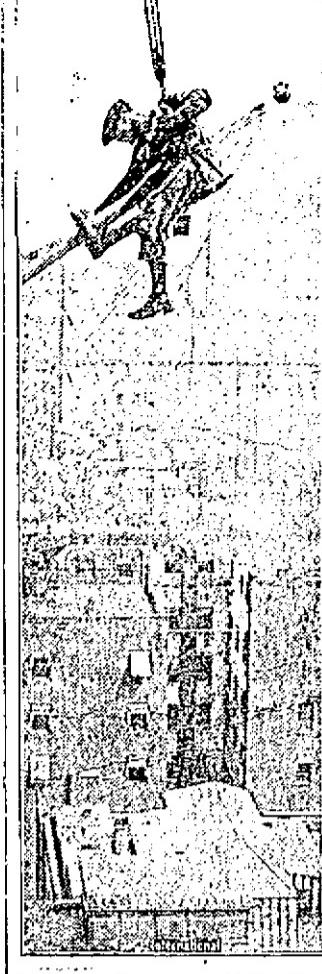
Seattle.—A husband has no legal right to alimony, according to the Washington State Supreme court. The decision was made in setting aside the ruling in the case of Mrs. Agnes Jacobson, who had been made liable for temporary suit money, temporary attorney's fees, and temporary maintenance for her husband, John.

### A Disadvantage.

City Man—I suppose you find your automobile a great improvement over your old horse, farmer.

Old Farmer—Well, in some ways, yes, and in other ways, no. I can't go to sleep on my way home from town and wake up in the barnyard, like I could with old Dobbin.

## WHO WANTS TO DO THIS?



## FOR EAST IS EAST

This Chinaman Couldn't Understand "Foreign Devils."

His Description of Feast About as Humorous as If It Had Been Written With That Idea.

An old man, who declared he had been to Shanghai, told how the foreigners there feasted, according to "A Fortnight on a Cargo Boat" by William L. Hall, in Asia Magazine. Men and women all sat together at a long table. The table wore white clothes and was covered with fine bowls and foreign chopsticks. A man would not sit by his own wife, but chose to sit by the wife of some other man. The men all drank wine out of foreign wine cups and before they drank they all stood up and held their cups out to the women. Some of the women had small wine cups and drank with the men. Some of the men smoked tobacco that was rolled into long tubes and others had their tobacco in rolls of white paper.

His cousin was working in the inn and he was invited into the cookhouse, where they were washing the bowls and chopsticks. When the wine cups were brought in he tasted some of the wine that was left in the bottom of the cups. Soon after tasting the wine he forgot all about where he was and tried to go out into the street alone. He could not tell whether his feet were trying to climb up his body or his head was trying to bite his feet.

When the feast was eaten the men and women went into another room, where some foreign men were making a noise on all sorts of foreign frames. When the men made the noise all the people jumped up and ran about the floor. When the noise stopped they always stopped, too, and then they would stand still and hit their hands together. Then the women would grab the arms of the men and they would all walk around the room, talking and laughing, until the noise began again. Some of the women had forgotten part of their clothing, but—so his cousin told him—they did it on purpose to please the men. When the noise was not going, or some of the men were not running about the floor with the women, they would go into another room and drink wine at a long, high table. The men were always in a hurry to drink when they were at that high table; for they would pick up a glass, open their mouths and try to throw the wine down their throats.

When everybody was tired of running about the floor each man picked out his own wife and they went away in foreign carts. Some of the men, who had no wives, kept drinking the wine and burning the tobacco tubes until it was almost time for the city gates to open. Then they went off down the road, holding to one another's arms and all trying to sing a foreign song.

Where Radio Is Popular.

Observation from an elevated train shows that few blocks on which houses or tenements lack wireless aerials, according to the New York Sun.

Third avenue especially is marked by radio. Wires run from poles on one roof to poles on another, from chimneys and cornices and all sorts of places where there seems a good location for the feelers that catch the messages from the air and carry them down to the receiving instruments. Aerials are of all types, one, two, four and five strands, clumsily made some of them, others apparently the work of experts. Some are so small that one wonders how they ever attract a wireless message or telephone program. In any event it would seem that apartment house landlords once opposed to allowing tenants to erect aerials on the roofs have been won over.

### Men's Styles.

Advance fashion notes from London say that trousers for the well-dressed man are to be cuffless this fall, and add that suspenders are coming back. These men who never felt perfectly safe with a belt will be glad of the latter note. A good many more will say farewell to trouser cuffs, without regret. They were always foolish.

About the suspenders there is diversity of opinion. Certain types of the human radish, called man, notably that one shaped like a lath with growing hips, will cheerfully throw away the belt and go back to the "galloons" of his boyhood. That is an old institution that innumerable generations of men have persisted in sustaining, because although the blue arch of the wide heaven might fall, hitched up by suspenders their pants wouldn't.

### A Comparison Urged.

"Is that you, John?" asked Mrs. Dubwalt over the telephone.

"Yes," said Dubwalt. "What's the nature of the touch?"

"Is your fashionable stenographer there?"

"Yes. What about her?"

"Nothing. Just look her over and then see if you can't come home to your own wife in a cheerful frame of mind. I've just bought myself a new outfit."

### And They Reformed.

Young Lady—Do you object to a girl using a little paint and powder?

Old Gentleman—No, not at all. And yet I can't forget that not such a very long time ago red Indians were considered savage because they painted themselves.—London Answer.

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## HERE'S REAL BERNARD SHAW

Apparently the World Has Had a Wrong Idea Concerning That Distinguished Gentleman.

The popular supposition that Shaw is a great egotist is, like nearly all popular suppositions, hopelessly wrong, Cosmo Hamilton writes in the *Spiral*. He poses as an egotist, because it affords him immense amusement to see how much he produces. He knows, of course, that he is a master craftsman who stands alone as a dramatist. He has proved it so often. As a matter of fact, he is a very simple and humble man, a great Christian, deeply moved by the woes and the sufferings of so many fellow creatures and greatly impatient of all the hypocrites and red tape that stand in the way of the betterment of the world. No man living has keener sympathies or a more practical method of charity. He gives most of his money away. And there is certainly no man who is so enthusiastic about other people's work, or so very ready to give a helping hand to the young men who are knocking at the door. It is a refreshing and delightful sight to see him at one of his rehearsals, standing in the middle of the stage in his billowy clothes and hygienic boots surrounded by the carefully chosen actors and actresses upon whom he tells his latest jokes, kindly and whitening Mephistopheles. It is equally delightful to see him walk forth in the afternoon into the London that he knows and loves so well, kid-gloved, dapperly attired, wearing a loosely-built suit of tweeds, to make his jaunty way out of the purloins of the Adelphi into Piccadilly, talking to himself, laughing aloud and utterly unconscious of the attention of the passers-by. He is really a sort of elderly schoolboy who makes a hobby of paradox, whose legs are in the present, whose head is years in advance of his time.

## COMET-FINDING NOW EASY

Work of Picking Up "Heavenly Visitors" Has Been Reduced to a Scientific Basis.

Seven comets which have been seen on previous occasions are expected to return to the vicinity of the earth this year. If they all keep their appointments, and the average number of new comets turn up, astronomers will have at least a full dozen under observation between now and December 31. But there is reason to fear that some of the seven old comets have met with mishaps while bowling along through space, and that they have either been shattered into unrecognizable debris, or diverted into quite different orbits. There is, however, little romance now in comet-finding, as was the case when heroic comet-hunters swept the skies all night in the hope of dropping on one. Now they set traps for them—combination of telescopes and cameras turning in unison with the rotation of the earth on its axis—and go to bed until morning, when they develop the plates and examine them for the tell-tale marks which betray any comets that may have entered the region of the sky thus photographed.

### Snake Causing Reign of Terror.

A South Rhodesian farmer wrote to the director of the Port Elizabeth museum for advice on the disposal of a great number which inhabited a wooded kopje on his farm. "The snake," said the farmer, "has already accounted for two natives and over 100 other victims in the shape of fowls, goats, calves and dogs, whenever anything ventures within the precincts of the snake's haunts it darts from cover, strikes, and retires into the undergrowth again like a flash. A glimpse is all that is ever seen of this death-dealing reptile." The farmer states that the natives in the vicinity regard the snake with superstitious awe, declaring it to be the relocator of Lobengula, who seeks revenge for past wrongs. Lobengula was the king of Matabele Land and was long feared as a powerful warrior and persistent opponent of Christianity and civilization in his kingdom. In 1893 he was defeated in a battle in which 500 of his men were killed. He then became a fugitive from his kingdom.

### Back to Pharaohs.

In exchanging the Turkish title of sultan for that of king of Egypt, Abd-el Faud I, asserts the nationhood of Egypt with a virtual back-hack to the Pharaohs. Sultans, khedives, valles—the Turkish name for vice-roys—and beys there have been for a century or two, but no king has reigned in Egypt since times so distant as to stretch away into the shadowy Biblical era. "King" of Egypt has, however, British ring that will remind Ahmed Faud and his people of Britain's material interest in Egypt's destinies. But Pharaoh was the ancient title of the Egyptian sovereigns—originally a proper name of Caesar, adapted to a hereditary monarchy.

## ALASKAN NATIVES MOURN KILBUCK

Gloom in the Far Northland Follows Death of Beloved Indian Missionary.

## WILL NOT FORGET HIS WORK

From Kansas to Arctic John Henry Kilbuck Carried the Gospel, Saving Lives and Winning Love of Natives.

Juneau.—There is gloom among the natives in Alaska today.

From Point Barrow—the farthest north—to Metlukuk and Juneau in the south; from the headwaters of the Kuskokwim and Yukon down to the sea, is traveling forth the word that "Kilbuck is dead." Everywhere the news permeates, there follows sadness. Grown men and women among the Eskimos and Indians grieve like children. All because the "most loved man beyond 51-40" is no more.

For more than four decades John Henry Kilbuck, Muncie Indian of the old Delaware nation that roamed over Pennsylvania before the days of Washington and William Penn, had been intimately associated with the Klukits and Takus of southeastern Alaska, or the Eskimos and breed tribes around Point Barrow. With his pale-faced wife he was guardian, counselor, spiritual guide and friend.

### Will Not Forget Him.

But the country which John Kilbuck played such an important part in developing will not forget him. The thousands of reindeer that round the tundras under the watchful eye of their native shepherds, will forever remind the natives of him. It was Kilbuck who, at the request of the United States government, introduced reindeer propagation in Alaska, and so doing he banished the specter of famine that periodically wiped out entire tribes when the hard times came and the winters closed in before they were prepared.

Akjak and Bethel, both founded by the Moravian missionary, some day may grow into flourishing cities when Alaska comes into its own. And they will cherish his memory.

Doings of missionaries, as a rule, make rather tame reading. But the activities of John Kilbuck and his wife were not confined to strictly spiritual things.

Four different times did the Kilbucks go "below" with the intention of spending their declining years in the States. And four times they went back. The call was irresistible.

The last time it was to have been different. With all the best intentions, accentuated by memories of past failures to keep good resolutions—the pioneer torchbearers of civilization resolved to spend their declining years near the homes of their forefathers on the Chippewa Indian reservation down in Kansas.

Deep down in these hearts, however, they had a "hunch" that the North would win. It always had.

### So the North Won Again.

In their little white and green cottage, nestling in the Chippewa hills and overlooking the placid Marais des Cygnes river in eastern Kansas the Kilbucks were waiting. Waiting for word that the break-up in the Yukon and Kuskokwim was about to begin. They had reached their decision:

"They need us. The influenza has reached Alaska. If it gets into the interior before we do nobody knows what will happen. Thousands may perish. Their deer, now numbering thousands, will be cast adrift over the tundras—prey to wolves and wild dogs and equally unscrupulous 'breeds.'

With the first word of the thaw they took a steamer out of Seattle.

They arrived none too soon. Influenza already was taking its toll. But they did get there in time to save hundreds.

The Kilbucks took up their work where they had left off upon their departure for the States. They were just whipping things into shape and getting comfortably settled for the last chapter of their life's book when pneumonia and typhoid, diseases from which they had saved thousands of Uncle Sam's little Indian wards, struck home. In three days Kilbuck was dead.

It was back in 1885 that John Kilbuck and his wife arrived in Alaska. He had just graduated from the Moravian Missionary school at Nazareth, Pa., where he had been sent by a Christian worker among the Kansas Indians.

It took years to gain the confidence of the Alaskan natives, but patience and kindness finally won and now no man is better known or more beloved among the Alaska Indians or Eskimos than Kilbuck.

## LOSES HAIR IN BEAUTY SHOP

Woman's Tresses and Part of Scalp Are Torn Out by Curious Machine.

Marion, N. C.—Mrs. J. G. Beaman is in a critical condition at a local hospital as the result of injuries suffered in a beauty parlor, where she went to have her hair dressed. All of her hair and more than half the scalp were torn from the young woman's head when her hair became entangled in an electrically operated curling machine.

Indigestion.  
First Cannibal—Our chief has bay fever.

Second Cannibal—What brought it on.

First Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.—Journal American Medical Association.

## Goes Back to Prison Cell for Forgetting

New York.—For being forgetful, Alexander Wershasky, a convict, has been returned to Sing Sing prison as a parole violator after five months' freedom, and will spend two and one-half years more in prison. He was originally sentenced to from two and a half to five years for alleged assault in Manhattan. After serving his minimum term he was paroled and released last December 12 with instructions to report regularly to his parole agent. He failed to report and vanished. When re-arrested he said he is absent-minded and forgot to make the periodical report.

## RULE WIFE CAN'T BE LIBELED

London Recorder Quashes Indictment Against Husband Because of Peculiar Precedent in Law.

London.—At the Central Criminal court before the recorder, William Anthony Barter, thirty-four, draughtsman, was indicted for publishing a defamatory libel concerning Elsie Alice Porter, his wife.

Mr. Frederick Levy, for the defendant, moved to quash the indictment. He quoted the decision in which it was held that a wife could not take proceedings against her husband for defamatory libel.

The recorder referred to a passage in the decision quoted in which it was stated that a libel might raise angry passions and a desire for revenge, and lead to breach of the peace. The learned judge thought, said the recorder, that should be settled in the domestic forum.

Mr. Hasty Jenkins, for the prosecution, said he had intended to put the point before the recorder. There was no doubt that the defendant wrote a number of scurrilous postcards.

The recorder said: "If a man hits his wife she has a remedy, but if he inflicts the much more severe injury of writing libelous postcards she has no remedy."

Mr. Levy read a letter which the defendant had written to his wife expressing his sincere apologies for writing the postcards. He unreservedly withdrew all the statements and expressed regret for the annoyance which had been caused to her. He also spoke of the "most bitter remorse" which he felt. Mr. Levy added that the defendant desired him to emphasize the expressions of regret.

The recorder said it was admitted by the prosecutor that the indictment would not lie. The law protected a wife from physical injuries which her husband inflicted on her, but apparently did not protect her from cowardly libels. He quashed the indictment, and the defendant was discharged.

## "RADIO IN BURLESQUE"



Radio develops bugs and germs. Miss Margaret Morrison Smith, girl sculptress, brings into the world what she is wont to term, "radio in burlesque." Two plaster images of her modeling are the radio bug and the radio germ. The bug she informs is symbolic of modern America, alert, awed, baffled and shocked by the art described by ethereal personages as "radio infinity." The other is the basal impetus, the Conan Doyle occult picture of a radio germ.

## BROADCASTING A GOOD WORD

Phrase Popularly Used in Radio Long in Use Among English Speaking People.

London.—A literary weekly says "broadcasting" is "a new word added to the language by wireless telephony." Such a periodical should rather have referred with pleasure to the fact that the good English verb "to broadcast" has found apt employment for many years.

There is a popular hymn which thousands of Lancashire people sing at Whitsuntide, whose first verse begins, "Now in the morn thy seed," and ends with "Broadcast it o'er the land." Reference to the Thesaurus confirms the fact that "broadcast" was already in the language, and suggests that in its place we might easily have been afflicted with one of its synonyms. "Widespread" would have been as good.

Dreams can be made use of. If you have a problem to solve, then set your subjective to work on it overnight.

Robert Louis Stevenson conscientiously used the visions of the night for this purpose and turned them to much profit. Coleridge's exquisite poem, "Kubla Khan," is a famous instance of dream work; while Dante and Voltaire worked in their sleep.

Indigestion.  
First Cannibal—Our chief has bay fever.

Second Cannibal—What brought it on.

First Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.—Journal American Medical Association.

## RUNNING TO SEED

Sylvester Urban Discourses on So-Called Human Race.

Can See Nothing But Atrophy as Result of the Labor-Saving Devices of Present Day.

"I'm only twenty-eight years old," said Sylvester Urban, according to a New York Sun writer, "and I'm afraid, I'm afraid of the future. I'm afraid of civilization."

"What's come over you now?" asked his friend. "I've heard you utter some strange sentiment over a glass of 'third rail,' but this latest is beyond me. How can one be afraid of civilization?"

"One might well shrink in his shoes at the thought of a return to savagery or barbarism. But life becomes safer with every ensuing year of civilization. Just look about you at all these savagery guards!"

"That's just it," broke in Sylvester suddenly. "You've hit the crux of the matter right off. Just look about you, as you say, and what do you see? Here we are in an average New York apartment—four rooms and bath. Above us is an electric chandelier. When you want light just press a button. There is a radiator. If you want heat on a cold night just lean over from your easy chair and turn a knob. Or do you prefer the cheer of an open grate fire? Just turn on the gas."

"Wouldn't do? Just telephone a druggist and presently the dumb-waiter bell will buzz and your food arrives in the kitchen. A fire in the range is yours for the striking of a match and the turning of a jet. Hot water? Twist a faucet. Drinking water?

"One usually has garbage after a meal. A most trifling matter. Drop it in the garbage can and send it down the dumb-waiter. Must after the dessert? Put on a record. It has one of those repeaters—lastest thing, you know. No need to bother with the wash-basin until it runs down. In the next room is an electric reproducing piano. The world's greatest artists perform for you and you don't have to turn a finger, so to speak. The door bell rings. There is the mail and the newspaper."

"Suppose I want to go downtown to work or shop. I just step into a subway and sit down. When I leave the train I don't even have to walk out of the station. I merely stand on an escalator. Arrived at the street, I decide, perhaps, to take a taxi. I just get in and sit down. When I reach my ultimate destination the chauffeur opens the door of the cab for me and the doorman opens a portal for me to enter the store."

"Leaving the store I take a Fifth avenue bus to my office. I go on top to get the fresh air and find they're even enclosed the upper deck in glass to protect children of civilization from healthful ozone."

"Don't you see that everything is arranged so that I can live without moving a finger, so to speak? Feel my muscles. There's nothing to them. I couldn't lick a healthy ten-year-old boy and I couldn't run five blocks without staggering from exhaustion. My body, the thing I live in, the thing that keeps me alive, is becoming obsolete and is fallen into disuse through the safeguards of civilization."

"And don't forget that the soft food purveyed in these latter days is ever-vital to our teeth. An eminent physician urges us to tug at a hamsterkraut with our molars each day as a substitute for the exercise formerly got by chewing strong, coarse foods. Think of that! Men chewing at rags like babies!"

"Is there really to be such a thing as the supermann—the much-heralded product of higher civilization? Judging from my own life average men are going to form a race of pygmies—physical dwarfs, enemies."

And Mr. Sylvester Urban with a feeble hand lifted a glass to his lips.

### Utilize War-Time Ambulances.

Many ambulances owned by volunteer organizations during the war have been converted into commercial vehicles—many of them without undergoing any great physical changes with the exception of the removal of equipment required only in an ambulance.

About the streets may be seen delivery vans gustily recognized as wartime automobile ambulances, the New York Sun states.

The name of the original donating organization and its insignia are discernible in some cases under the new coats of paint on the vehicle, and from the rear one can see still the long benches on each side that once marked the ambulance; but now are used for piling merchandise on.

### Newfoundland Water Power.

A total of 235,000 horsepower is estimated as the probable output of a project which comes from a rather surprising locality. The development is to be undertaken of the Humber Valley, Newfoundland, with the expenditure of \$7,000,000 within the next two years. The power project is tied up with logging and other operations in a way which will involve the permanent employment of 1,500 men in the works and 2,000 men in the woods. The paper resources of the island will be very largely expanded by the new development, which is actually under contract at the present writing.—Exchange.

### Big Ship Heavily Insured.

The greatest insurance ever written in the American market for a single ship has been taken by the American Marine Insurance syndicate. The syndicate, which was created more than a year ago, to provide a market capable of carrying \$2,500,000 risk on a single American vessel, announced that 77 members have accepted an insurance of \$2,000,000 on the Leviathan on her trip from New York to Newport News. The giant liner also is insured for \$2,500,000 while under repair at the southern port. Additional insurance has been written abroad. The liability which the syndicate has assumed would have been impossible without the formation of syndicates.

### Badger Girls Resolve.

Pledged to accomplish at least one act of social service each semester, thirteen women students of the University of Wisconsin have organized a women's sociology club, to be called the Alpha Pi Epsilon. The impetus for the creation of such a club—which is encouraged by the faculty of the sociology department—came from a group of senior women specializing in sociology.

### Bill Collector—Shall I call tomorrow?

Young Lawyer—Do! Call often. People will think you are a client and they will help bring others.

### Hated to Part With Jewels.

The maxim expressing the futility of earthly possessions, "Sbroods have no pockets

## FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 20, 1872

There was a very fine display on Wednesday on the visitation to our city of Hugh De Payen Encampment of Knights Templar of Keene, N. H., numbering fifteen officers and sixty knights, accompanied by the Keene Brass Band. They were received by Washington Encampment of this city. After a short parade the Sir Knights visited the summer residence of Mr. D. Henshaw Ward on Broad street, a member of the visiting Encampment, and were hospitably entertained. In the evening they visited the hall or Washington Encampment, where they were welcomed by Sir Knight Isaac Lawrence of Washington Encampment, at present U. S. Consul at Cobourg, Canada, and the reply was made by Maj. Gen. E. G. Griffin, Commander of the visiting Knights.

The mixed commission of British and American claims which is to meet in this city on the 11th of September will bring together some of the highest legal talent of both countries.

The Cuban man-of-war Pioneer still remains in our harbor and how she will finally be disposed of seems to be growing in deeper mystery. James E. Ward & Co., who fitted her out, have labelled her and the case is to be heard in the U. S. District Court. The case is one likely to lead to considerable arbitration, and it is already evident that her career as a war vessel is ended.

Women have a right to be doctors, and it is right that they should be doctors, and if they become doctors they exercise this right, and the News says that Annie News is going to settle here as a Physician. We give the news as we find it in the News.

Alfred G. Langley, son of John S., has entered Brown University, and William Christie, son of William A., has entered Yale College. They are both graduates of the High School.

About \$150 worth of goods were stolen from the Coal Mines office in Portsmouth Tuesday night. The safe was blown open and about \$100 taken therefrom.

The Newport Brass Band had a company of four hundred, to attend their moonlight excursion, and the balance is on the right side to the amount of \$75.

At a sale of blooded horses in Brattleboro, Vt., recently, Amasa Sprague of this State purchased Abdallah for \$3000, and Eric for \$1400. Mr. Sprague will soon be the owner of the finest lot of blood horses in the country.

The many friends of Mr. Frederick C. Finkenstaedt and his daughter, Miss Annie, are pleased to welcome them home to this city after an absence of several years in Germany.

There are living at the present time two widows of Revolutionary soldiers who are under forty years of age. The oldest surviving widow has arrived at the age of one hundred and fifteen years. There are two daughters of Elbridge Gerry, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, still living, both of whom reside in New Haven, Conn.

After an extended tour through Spain, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Russia, General Sherman, the old hero of the "march to the sea," paid a visit to the German capital, and he was not enamored with the treatment he received there. Old Tecumseh went to Potsdam, but was refused admission to the park because the Kaiser was entertaining some imperial guests. General Sherman abided his time. A military review was to take place the troops to be reviewed by the Kaiser. Remembering the Potsdam incident he politely declined.

## TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, July 24, 1897

At an early hour Monday morning a man was found drowned at the east end of Easton's beach on the Newport side of the Middletown line. The body was removed to the morgue where it was identified as that of Julius Zipp, a tailor, who was well known in this city. Monday night Antone Meli of Boston, engaged a room at the Perry House. Not having left his room up to a late hour Tuesday afternoon the door was forced open and he was found lying on the bed dead.

The grand bicycle and athletic entertainment to be given at Freebody Park August 9, under the direction of Prof. Ike Johnson, will be well worth witnessing.

The Newport Historical Society Monday evening voted to cooperate with the Park Commission relative to marking the historic places of Newport. Mr. John Austin Stevens was elected an honorary member. Dr. Horatio R. Storer, Dr. V. Mott Francis and Mr. George Gordon King were appointed a committee to arrange for a course of free lectures in American history.

The quarterly session of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, was held in Mercury Hall Tuesday afternoon. Nearly fifty delegates were present from all parts of the State.

The appointment of Rev. M. Van Horn of this city United States Consul to St. Thomas, W. I., has been confirmed by the Senate.

An inscribed silver plate is to be placed upon the pew in the Charming Memorial Church, which the church presented to Rev. M. K. Schermerhorn for life, free from all taxation and rent, as testimonial of gratitude and respect.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who has rented one of the Pinard Cottages, arrived for the season yesterday.

Hon. Perry Belmont is at "By-the-Sea." He has as his guests Hon. Iver Grier and Hon. Richard Grosvenor of England.

Vice President Hobart, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Hobart, are expected to arrive about July 31. They will be guests of Hon. Lisenhard Stewart at White Lodge.

The Fête committee are hard at work and, if sufficient funds are sub-

scribed, promise this year to eclipse all previous efforts. The North Atlantic squadron is to participate in the harbor illumination, and also in the big afternoon street parade.

The weather thus far this summer has not been very propitious and unless it changes for the better we will be watering places along our coast will record a poor season.

The growth of Block Island as a summer resort has been almost phenomenal. It is no wonder that it is so, when we consider that it is right in the ocean, where the cool breezes always blow, and where the salt water can be seen on every side. The many hotels there are having an extra prosperous season this summer.

A census expert estimates that the population of this country by the year 2000 will be 385,870,000.

There are prospects of some large balls in Newport this season, the hosts and hostesses being Mr. Potter Palmer, Mr. Van Alen, Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, and Mr. John B. Wolfe, the latter probably taking place during the stay of the New York Yacht Club.

The afternoon driving on Bellevue avenue is fast forming itself into a procession of fine turnouts, which will eventually extend from the Casino to Bailey's Beach. Cabriolets, phaetons and Victoria are the favorite vehicles and the show of horse flesh is good.

Mr. Henry Peckham of Newport is a wonderfully smart man for one in his eighty-second year. He has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Timothy P. Durfee in Portsmouth. On Monday he pitched off a large load of hay and on Tuesday picked up thirty-five barrels of potatoes.

The richest young women in Newport this summer will probably be Miss Hattie Gammell, who upon the death of her mother, inherited an estate believed to be worth \$25,000,000.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Lawn Party of St. Paul's Parish

The annual lawn party of St. Paul's Church was held on Wednesday afternoon and evening on the grounds around the church.

Booths were placed on the lawn and were decorated by Mr. Charles E. Boyd. The lighting was done by Mr. Harold DeLois. As you entered the gate, the booths were around the grounds, the apron table being in charge of Mrs. William Grinnell, Mrs. Gould Anthony and Miss Louise Chase. Ye Gift Shoppe was a new feature and Mrs. Albert W. Lawrence and Mrs. Lucy Anthony were in charge. Candy was sold by Mrs. Eleanor Westfield. Mrs. Oscar Miller and Mrs. Daniel Bowker served punch. Ice cream was sold by Miss Orriana Anthony and Mrs. Joseph Negus. Flower committee, Miss Hall; Cake table, Mrs. George L. Anthony and Mrs. William B. Anthony; Balloon and toys, Mrs. Anne Mott; Mrs. Alexander Boone, Miss Ruth Mott, Miss Grace Hicks, Mrs. Oliver G. Hicks, and Mrs. John M. Eldridge were the general managers.

A salad supper was held in the guild hall, which was decorated by Mrs. John M. Eldridge. The menu was chicken salad, cold tongue, rolls, cake, tea and coffee. Mrs. Abbie Hall was in charge of the kitchen, assisted by Mrs. Ralph Freeborn and Mrs. James Matthews. The tables were in charge of Mrs. Letitia Lawton, Miss Clara Chase, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. Ella Hathaway, Mrs. Peter Malone, Mrs. Nahum Greene, Mrs. Burton W. Storts, Mrs. Minnie Steele, Mrs. Abner P. Anthony and Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony.

In the afternoon and again in the evening exhibition dances were given by a number of Miss Dorothy Gladys' pupils. Miss Kate Hollinday played the piano. The lawn of the Library was enclosed and the dancing was given on the lawn, which had been transformed into a garden with a fountain and made a very fitting setting for the Nature dances. Mr. Charles E. Boyd was the decorator here.

Mr. Peter Malone met with an accident on Sunday. While driving into the gateway to the home of Mr. Albert W. Lawrence, an electric car coming down Quaker Hill struck his machine, smashing it badly. Mr. Malone jumped from the machine and was not injured, except for bruises. The electric car was driven by Mr. Miles Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sisson are the happy parents of a son, born this week at their home.

News has been received here of the serious illness of Mrs. Abner P. Lawton at her home in Cummington, Mass. Her husband's mother, Mrs. Letitia Lawton, has gone there to help care for her.

Plans are being made for the annual Camp Meeting to be held at the Camp Grounds on Hedley street. A new tabernacle is being erected in which the meetings will be held.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gorton have returned to their home after a visit with Dr. and Mrs. George Wager, in Springfield.

A new dance pavilion is being built at Island Park and the work is progressing rapidly.

Miss Florence Rose, chief operator at the Portsmouth Telephone Exchange, is spending her vacation in Ashburton, Mass., with her mother, Mrs. Benjamin A. Chase, and son, who went there two weeks ago.

Members of the Buttercup and Bluebird Troops of Girl Scouts of this town met on Tuesday morning at the home of their captain, Miss Gertrude Macomber, for their course in home hygiene.

Mr. Norman Tallman of Readville, Mass., has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Gifford and two daughters, of New York, are spending the summer with Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman and their granddaughter, Miss Helen Tallman, have returned to their home after spending a few days in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Anthony have had as guests Mrs. Anthony's sister and niece, Mrs. Bowen T. Ryder and Miss Ryder, of Saylesville.

The Fête committee are hard at work and, if sufficient funds are sub-

## EASY TO COMPLY WITH RULE

Wonder How This Idea of Identification Would Work With Such Peculiar Bank Cashiers.

A rule was recently established in one of Chicago's stores to the effect that any customer wishing to charge and at the same time take purchases must show the floor walker something for identification.

One day a stout woman hustled up to the glove counter, selected a pair of gloves, and said to the clerk: "I'll just take these with me. Charge them, please." The clerk filled out the necessary slip and called the floor walker.

"Have you anything by which you can be identified?" he asked.

The customer flushed uncomfortably. "Why—I never heard of such a thing!"

"It's a new rule, madam. Every customer is required to show some mark of identification. I'm sorry, but none of our other customers have taken offense."

The woman looked about her doubtfully. "Well," she said reluctantly, "if I've got to, I suppose I must." Then quickly unfastening her collar and pointing to a large brown mole on her neck, she said: "This is the only mark I've got. Just take it all my life. If you think it's going to do your store any possible good you're welcome to look at it!"—Judge.

To "Educate" Wine Drinkers.

English painters, long noted for their appreciation of fine old wines, are in danger of deterioration because of the lower price of vintages, according to a group of prominent wine merchants who propose an English "wine week," in emulation of the French custom. Wine, they declare, is no longer a luxury, as the lower price has brought it within reach of all.

The purposes of wine week, it is said, will be to educate the English taste for wines and also to instruct others in the elementary rules and traditional usages of beverage selection. It is planned to gather a representative group of speakers and writers to sing the praises of wine and to tell those who would learn how to drink it. The merchants expect substantial assistance from the governments of wine-producing countries, such as France, Italy, Spain and Australia.

## Interested in Big Ship.

As the Seydlitz, of the North German Lloyd steamed up the Hudson, she listed to larboard because 255 of her 250 cabin passengers wanted to get a look at the Leviathan. The one passenger who was indifferent was a German-American from Philadelphia, who claimed he had seen her before. Some of the new arrivals who had never laid eyes on the Leviathan could not be convinced that it was a vessel of any kind or name, declaring that no ship could be that big. One thrifty soul exclaimed: "And just think—I am told the Americans have paid \$5,000 a day for the upkeep of der alte lasten (the old box)!"—New York Evening Post.

## Chorus Strike Ended Opera.

Silk stockings and new blouses were among the demands of the chorus girls which brought the opera season at Bayreuth, Bavaria, to an untimely end. One day the young women declared that they would not go on the stage in the evening unless their demands for higher wages and silk stockings, blouses, and shoes were complied with. The corporation of Bayreuth declared that it would not be blackmailed by a pack of girls, dismissed them on the ground that they had broken their contract, and closed the opera house.

## Parents of Columbus.

Domenico Colombo, a wool combier and weaver, and his wife Susannah Fontanarossa. His father was probably a native of Quito, near Cuenca, and his mother a native of Fontanarossa. They were Roman Catholics. The place of their burial does not appear on record, but Columbus' mother died in 1494 and his father in 1498.

Edward P. Champlin, Clerk.

LENA W. BALL, Executrix.

7-5-31

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., July 3, 1922.

Estate of Joseph H. Willis

RALPH E. DODGE, Administrator of the estate of Joseph H. Willis, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his first and final account with the estate of said will, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate; and the same is received and referred to the 7th day of August, A. D. 1922, at 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the said defendant, John Doe of Newport, in said County, defendant, I have this day at 5 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, John Doe, had on the 15th day of December, A. D. 1921, at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, and bounded and described as follows:

Soouthly, 300 feet on Smith street, Easterly 50 feet on land of C. Smith, Westerly on land of Robert Welch and Northerly on land of Annie R. Cummings, E. Sestrom and Samuel Hatte, and containing about 17875 sq. feet of land, all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

Daylight Saving Time

Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:45 P.M.

Due New York 7:00 A.M.

7-5-31

Probate Court of the City of Newport, July 1st, 1922.

Estate of Jeremiah M. Clifford

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Jeremiah M. Clifford, late of said Newport, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-5-31

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham July 15, 1922.

Estate of Herbert S. Millikin

LAURA A. MILLIKIN, Executrix of the estate of Herbert S. Millikin, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the seventh day of August, A. D. 1922, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

7-5-31

Probate Court of the City of Newport

Estate of Agnes G. Fairfield

NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE W. FAIRFIELD has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Agnes G. Fairfield, late of Newport, deceased.

Creditors are directed to file their claims in this office within the time required by law beginning July 22nd, 1922.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

July 15th, 1922.

Appalling Thought.

What a miserable world this would be if retribution were dealt out to each of us according to our fool deserts.—Hamilton Horatio.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

7-5-31

Probate Court of the City of Newport

Estate of Agnes G. Fairfield

NOTICE is hereby given that GEORGE W. FAIRFIELD has qualified as Administrator of the estate of Agnes G. Fairfield, late of Newport, deceased.